

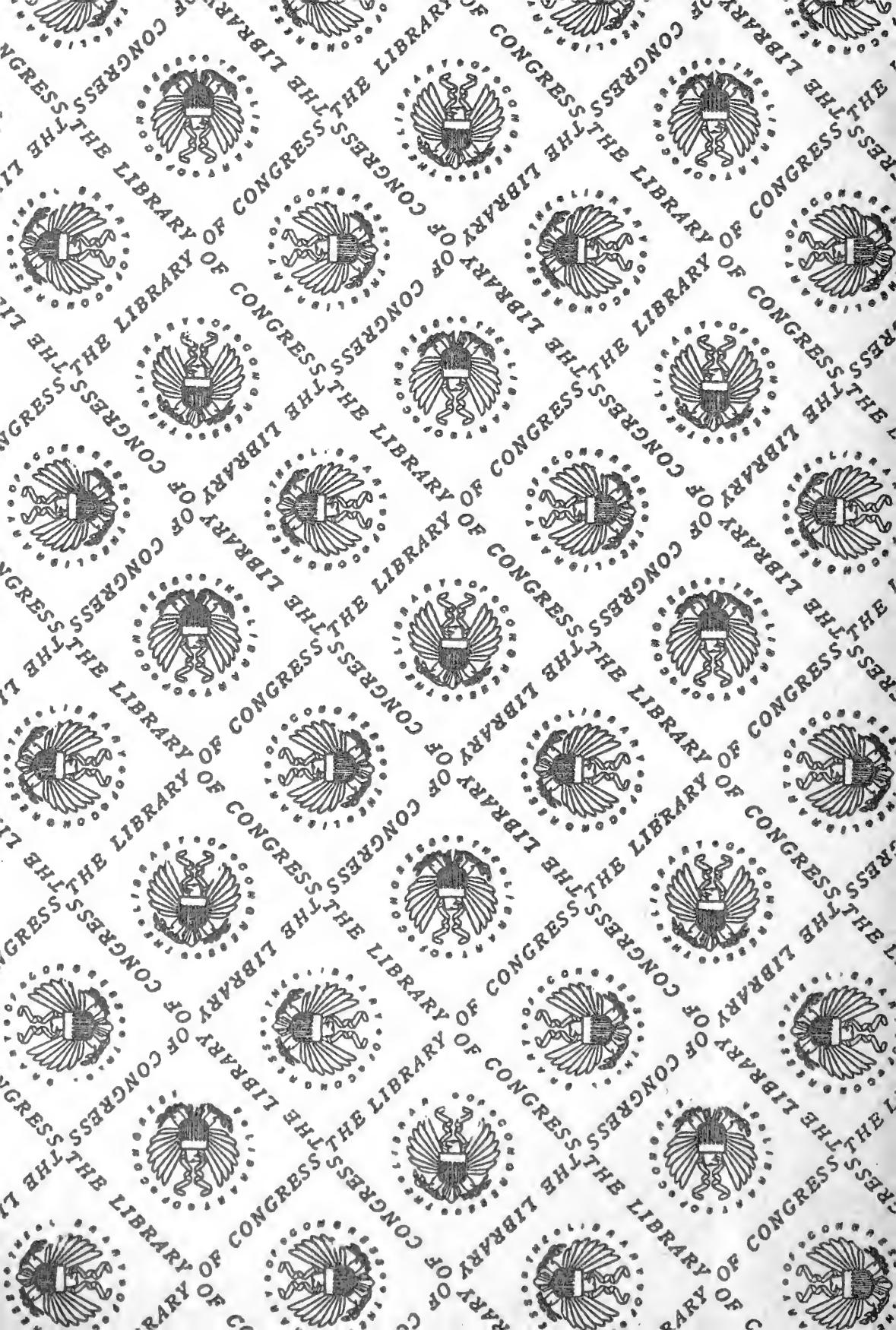
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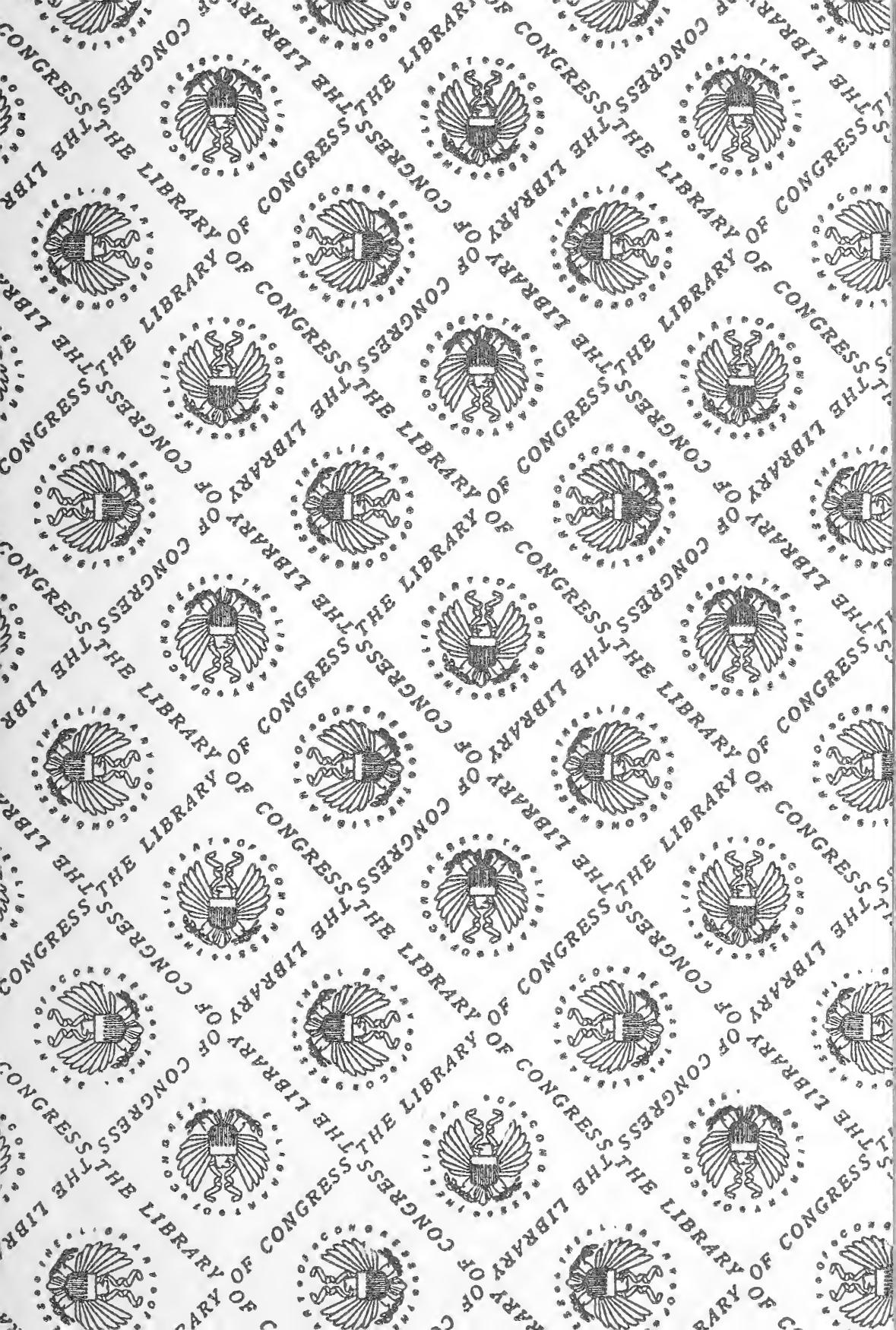
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POEMS OF LIFE

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

CHICAGO :
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Revised 1918.

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by
Timothy Wilkins

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A poet is a psychic keyed to crave
The depth of all that is of life;
And is attuned to catch the softest wave
Of love, or crash of hate and strife;
And, too, to sense the dismal gloom and
woe,
And grim despair, the groans of pain,
The selfishness and greed, the passions
low,
The lofty mountain heights, the plane
O'er which his flitting soul must glide in
glee,
Or perish with his brother's thirst.
He must all beings sense, and feel, and
be,
And set to rhyme, or fill and burst
The earthly bonds and gently fly away.
He lives in touch with all life's plan;
With every plant along his dreamy
way,
From obscure monad unto man.





DR. T. WILKINS.

(1890.)

INTRODUCTION.

For years my effusions have appeared in spiritualistic and secular papers, and if in the selection of poems for this volume I may chance to omit some special poem that any reader might earnestly wish for, it will make me regret that the size of this first book could not have been large enough to contain all, and will gladly add the same to the second volume.

It is in compliance with a continuous appeal from the admirers of my poems that I publish this volume, and not with the hope of any enormous income from it; however, the world may be wanting it right now, and in need of its rhythmical philosophy, sarcasm, pathos, wit and emotion.

Rhymes began coming my way at a very early age, in my school-boy days,

When childhood laughs at deeper woes,
And weeps o'er trifles as it goes;
When star-eyed Fate winks "googoo eyes,"
And makes in youth love-passions rise;
When high ambitions rise and fall,
And cupid makes his morning call,
When pride and vanity entwine,
And souls to mating first incline,
These inspirations sweetly came
With innocence and hunger's flame.

Some were written as early as at the age of 12, a few of which I shall scatter through this and future volumes, because they are sacred to the memory of my early childhood and recall some beautiful days, that make me once more breathe over the pure air of those sweetest days and

hours of my life, and breathe into the reader some of the same music. These may read young and immature, but they were from a young soul, in love with the Universe, and a brain attuned to the rhythmical vibrations of the eternal spheres of life and love.

Many of these poems have never been in print; just caught, recorded and laid aside, perhaps for this occasion; but at the time they were received, often the flow of inspiration was too great for my facilities for publishing, and were crowded back by others more appropriate to existing incidents and the times in which they were written.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I was born at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, June 11, 1849, about three months after the birth of Modern Spiritualism, and my knowledge of the same began with a boyish curiosity, and yet a deep instillation of the sacred side of the phenomena, when my parents, both believers, held circles in the home at Bedford, Iowa, inviting a few friends to join them in the investigation of the rappings and tipplings, as they called them. This was along in 1856 or 1857, and perhaps 1858, when the town was new and they were new in it, but they were both life-long Spiritualists, till they passed on, and have appeared to me in person, while I was in a semi-trance, and while fully conscious.

At one time in life, covering several years, I was unconsciously entranced, and did a little public work, but with the exception of magnetic treating, never for pay. I know I am mediumistic, but of recent years it has seemingly evolved into poetical inspirations. These conditions are very trance-like, often lasting for days at a time, and until the "muse" has written as it wishes. Sometimes a wave of sadness floats in upon me when all is well with me and no cause for such condition—it is the nearness of the "muse"—and just as often another kind of wave is felt—and the tone of poem can easily be indexed by these waves if noted and heeded. I have shed tears through the receiving of whole poems in many instances.

My school education ended at about the age of 16, when I began to look through the list of trades and professions accessible in a small country town, and after trying the harness trade, and a little of the carpenter trade, I drifted into the printing business, where I have received the rest of my education. Have been up and down financially—principally down, as ever has been the case with most poets, whose success comes after their transition and their work becomes popular.

Poets are seers who live beyond their day, and some beyond their means, as is gleaned from biographies.

There is a tangible and an intangible expression of

appreciation of the works of authors. The tangible consists of cash received for the work, and the intangible is that which may be feebly expressed and deeply felt in the soul. The first helps sustain and encourage the author, and the second lives on and on, and makes him better off dead than alive, by making his works popular when he is gone.

In my inmost soul I hope these poems may gladden the hearts of the readers and help make life worth living.

If, when my earthly career comes to a close, I can be conscious that I have produced more smiles than tears; more sweet and loving thoughts than anger and hatred; more peace and harmony than ripples of passion and discord; I shall pass to the higher life with a light spirit and a feeling of sublime satisfaction indeed.

To put it in poetical form—

I'll soon be done with this old form, its passions and its pain,

And I shall hope my labors here shall be somebody's gain.
If I can lift some downcast soul up from its couch of gloom,

I know it will advance me some in growth beyond the tomb.

If I can bring glad smiles to those whose eyes are filled with tears,

I shall not feel my life on earth a term of wasted years.

If I can soften some hard heart and give it higher aim,
When I pass on I know that I shall be quite glad I came.

If I can light new fires where the fuel has burned low
Within the human breasts, I'll be content to quit and go.
If I can cool some fevered soul, all fired up with hate,
I then shall feel my life's success, and feel my mission great.

If I can strew the paths of men and women while I stay,
With bloomining thoughts and love, I shall be glad I passed this way.

If I can make more light for those in darkness, striding on
I shall, I know, remembered be and loved when I am gone.

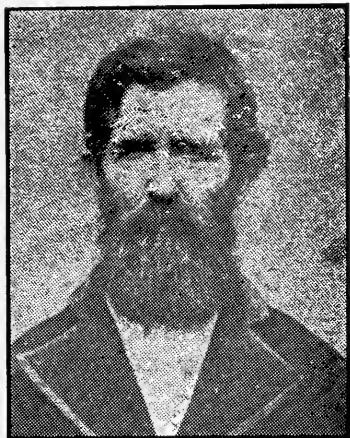
May angels bless you, one and all, is my prayer.

DR. T. WILKINS.



ELIZABETH WILKINS.

(Mother.)



CUTLER WILKINS.

(Father.)



MRS. M. C. PRATT.

(Sister.)

DEDICATORY.

To my Mother and My Father, and my spirit Sister Kate,
And to all the other kindred in the higher spirit state,
I here dedicate these poems, as a token of my love,
As a portion of my mission ere my spirit goes above.

I have sought within these stanzas something truthful to
portray;

Something cheerful and uplifting that might drive the
frowns away.

If the reader catches glimpses of the caustic here and
there,

'Gainst the blinding superstitions, he may only treat it
fair.

To the world I gladly give it as 'tis given unto me,
A wee message from the Spirit of the Universe set free.
As a bit of inspiration from the world's sublimer side,
As a strain of cheerful music that comes floating with the
tide.

If I had a million dollars to procure the poor their food,
I might be a greater factor for disseminating good;
But as that is not my fortune I shall do the best I can
With my poems and my jingles, for the soul of fellowman.

It has been my aim to render unto mortals in these lines,
All the jewels, bright and precious, from the spiritual
mines

That my soul could grasp and fashion to the music of the
muse,

And for any fault or failure I shall offer no excuse.

All must take it as they find it, in small doses or in whole,
For it is the scintillation of a warm poetic soul
That has only love and pity for all other beings here,
And 'tis given as the breathing of the universal sphere.

THE AUTHOR.



INVOCATION.

Thanks to Thee, oh, Perfect Soul !
Thanks to Thee, Stupendous Whole !
Oh, Thou Infinitude, whom to name
Would seem narrow and make the same
As man, a person, a finite being,
Instead of an all-wise and all-seeing,
All-pervading, energizing force;
Father and Mother, and all-life source,
Whom to feel, or hear, or name, or see,
To cramp, compel or span would be;—
Except to see in Nature's form,
In Winter's cold and Summer's warm.

In fields of grain and barren plain;
 In giant oak so tall;
In towering hill and rippling rill;
 In Niagara's fall;
In little ant and elephant;
 In eagle, proud and grand;
In mad cyclone and calmest moan
 Of gentle zephyr o'er the land;
In all things see universally
 Thy hand and voice and mind;
All things in Thee, of Thee must be
 Adapted to its kind.

Hence, oh, Wisdom, Power, Love,
We below to Thee above
Must look for all we would obtain,
And asking know 'twould be in vain
To ask Thy aid for things to feed
Our morbid appetite or greed.
We know that Thou wilt not digress
From law to grant mere happiness,

Or note a selfish made request
That granting would not be the best.
We know the just and unjust too,
Of men, receive the blessings due,
And more than due, as oft would seem
To mortal eyes; but Thou dost beam
Thy sunlight warm on everything,
And send the blessed showers of Spring
To each and all just at the time
And in proportion as the clime
Demands—not to each notion;
But by planetary motion.
By and through a law so true
That no mistake can be;
A force within a law that's been
In all eternity.

We would not speak the useless words,
But pray in songs like happy birds;
Pray in keeping Earth in tune
To sweetest songs of sweetest June;
Waft the fragrance of a soul
Back to Thee, Stupendous Whole.
Pray to Thee as one of Thee,
Clothed with man's identity;
Wanting, yearning, always hoping,
Grasping, clinging, onward groping
Darkly through a stage of action,
Governed by the law: Attraction.
Knowing naught can ever be
Mine that was not made for me;
Ever giving, ever taking,
Ever helping in the making
This a better place—our Mother Earth—
For coming souls to have their birth.

Ever praying, always staying
In the pathway for us made;
Always acting and attracting,
By impressions well obeyed;
Ever blending and extending
And exchanging loving deeds;
Ever seeking to be speaking
Words to still another's needs.

We pray for others in our prayer,
And seek our brother's true welfare;
We have no prayer but that would bring,
If answered, to each living thing
Its own; just that and nothing more;
For only that We Thee implore,
And asking thank for that obtained
That was our own, in Nature gained.

HARMONY.

'Tis not all sound in tune and time
That makes this universe sublime,
Although the sound must ever be,
When in accord—a Harmony

Go watch the pebbles restlessly
Roll on the beach, washed by the sea;
Go watch the leaves unfold, and nod
Obeisance to their mother sod,
And kiss the summer sun, and see
If there you find no harmony.

Go watch the morning sun arise
Amid the clouds that paint the skies;
Go feel the noontide sunlight, warm—
Or twilight's silent, soothing charm—
Hear Nature's loving evening prayer,
And note harmonic action there.

Go watch the twinkling stars
That peep through heaven's bars;
Or watch the storm that sweeps across the sea;
Then watch the billows leap
And plunge, and roll the deep;
Then watch the calm, and feel the harmony.

Watch the pure white flakes of snow,
The crystal frost and sleet;
The freeze and thaw, the water flow
In eddying retreat;

Imbibe the pure and bracing air—
 The Spirit of the Free—
 Behold the Soul of Nature there
 In perfect Harmony.

Go sense the potent voice of light—
 Nature's mate for patient night;
 Hear the whir in endless space,
 Of life—each atom in its place;
 Each form its time its work to do;
 Each soul its form and motive true;
 Each spirit, clad in clay or free—
 There find a World of Harmony !

THOSE VACANT PLACES.

Oh, whither the friends that departed—
 Those bright, happy faces so dear—
 Who bowed to this world as they started
 In silence? Do they linger near?

Where are our mothers' dear faces,
 That always brought peace and good cheer;
 That filled here so fully their places,
 Now vacant? Do they linger near?

Those fathers whose lives were a gladness,
 That brushed back full many a tear
 From eyes of the loved ones in sadness,
 Now absent? Do they linger near?

That brother who stayed but an hour,
 To bud and again disappear;
 That passed as a blighted wee flower
 Through earth-mold? Does he linger near?

That sister whose life was a prayer;
 Whose voice was so tender and clear;
 Whose touch was of love and sweet care
 To others? Does she linger near?

Those faces seem present and brighter;
 Those voices we oft seem to hear,
 And somehow our burdens are lighter
 To shoulder—when they linger near.

We know the departed still linger
 In memory's domicile here;
 And we feel the soft touch of a finger
 That comes from that mystical sphere.

But still there are those vacant places—
 Like haunts we can scarcely endure—
 Where once were the dear forms and faces,
 That nothing can parry or cure.

I KAINT PRAY ANY MO'.

I's prayed aroun' de mou'ner's bench, an' sung till I seed
 stars,
 But I nebber seed my Jesus, an' dey say he's ebrywhars;
 But ontil I knows he heahs me, till I knows it sartin, sho',
 I kaint hab no insprashun, an' I kaint pray any mo'.

I kaint see ez he's anse'ed any pra'r dat I has said;
 I kaint see ez he's pourin' any blessin's on dis head;
 I kaint see but I's ez ragged an' ez hongry ez befo',
 An' my chillun's jist ez naked, an' I kaint pray any mo'.

I's done ti'ed ob dis shoutin' an' a bawlin' roun' de throne
 War de rich hab got a cornah an' fo' bread dey gib us
 stone;

I tells yo' dat I's quittin', an' dis heah haint no blow;
 Dat onless dar's sumthin' in it I kaint pray any mo'.

I's a tott'rin' on my walkers, an' my har's a gitten gray,
 An' I kaint stay heah much longer in dis body anyway.
 An' I mout ez well be larnin' how to hoe out my own row,
 Mar's Jesus he won't help me, an' I kaint pray any mo'.

THAT FACE ON THE WALL.

Who could help loving that face on the wall—
 That face that is sweetest and kindest of all;
 That face that in kisses we fondly would smother;
 The face of that angel of peace—our mother?

We look back to childhood, the days that are gone—
Look into the future, the days coming on;
But love the sweet present, for now is the time
The face of our mother looks pure and sublime.

How faintly in childhood we dream of the pain,
How feeble to fathom the worry and strain;
How weak to relieve her of part of the load,
Our patient old mother, o'er life's rocky road.

But when we are mother or father, 'tis then
The truth is just dawning that no one again
Could be to her children, through thick and through thin,
So faithful and loving as mother has been.

Just look at that picture, that kind, loving face;
Just look at the silver now taking the place
Of hair that was auburn, those furrows of care,
And ask you this question: "What hurried them there?"

Then question your spirit, aye, question your soul;
"What face can more fully and truly console,
When trouble and sorrow and anguish befall,
Than the face of your mother that hangs on the wall?"

GOD—MAN.

Each long drawn breath that we inhale
And exhale, is endowed
With life in various forms, with male
And female sex allowed.

Each grain of sand and drop of sea,
Each blade of grass so green,
Each acorn, or its mother tree
That is, has ever been.

Each little mouse, and ant, and flea,
Each thing both large and small,
Animate or inanimate we see,
Or cannot see at all,
Is part of God, and has its soul
Proportioned to its size,

That, evolving, grows, unrolls
Eternal; never dies.

Each unfolding, something molding,
Throwing off in outer space,
To be fashioned, and impassioned,
To perpetuate its race.

Each one burning with a yearning—
Such as life itself inspires—
In attraction and abstraction,
That adjusting law requires.

Each one throwing off and growing
Towards the perfect of its kind,
Each one climbing, clinging, climbing,
All in one grand soul combined.

One great surging and submerging
Sea of life, of love, of soul;
Of God, of Man: the latter an
Epitome of the whole.

LOVING THOUGHTS.

We have need of aspiration and of inspiration too,
And we love our angel guides who bring us aught,
But the most essential angel in this world of dare and do,
Is that silent little angel—Loving Thought.

This world is full of trouble, whether borrowed, whether
owned,
But the people must this lesson once be taught:
That their troubles can be lightened and their spirits
sweetly toned
If they listen to that angel—Loving Thought.

It is human to get angry—it is better to forgive,
It is easy to be just—as spirit ought—
But a heaven we can fashion on the earth where now we
live,
If we only heed the angel—Loving Thought.

Let us listen to the voices of our dear ones over there,
 And appreciate the knowledge they have brought;
 But the dear ones in the body need a heaven bright and
 fair;
 Need a heaven and the angel—Loving Thought.

AS WE MAKE IT WE WILL FIND IT.

They say there's a land much fairer than this,
 Where the saints will eternally reign;
 And also a land of eternal bliss
 Excludes every semblance of pain.

They say there's a land that is fairer than day,
 Which by faith we can see from afar.
 Oh, is there more joy just over the way,
 And pleasure, than just where we are?

Is there no place on this earth that is fair,
 For those who are noble and true;
 For those who their comforts unselfishly share,
 To help unfortunate ones through?

Is there no place where the harps can be played,
 And sweet songs can be sung on this plane,
 For the lovihg and kind whom nature delayed
 To finish with sorrow and pain?

Are there no angels of love over here,
 This side of the dark, gloomy grave?
 No spirits of mercy to whisper good cheer
 To the noble, but down-trodden slave?

Is there no sweetness in beauteous Spring;
 No soul-love in fragrance of flowers;
 No pleasure in seeing and touching some thing
 Produced by Earth's life-giving powers?

In perfumes of Autumn, and Winter's pure air,
 And whiteness of fresh-fallen snow,
 Are there no inklings on earth anywhere
 That we may have heaven below?

Is there no heaven in home harmony;
No joy in the coo of a child;
No sunlight in smiles, and wife's company;
No bliss on this earth undefiled?

Away with such visions! There's sunlight and bliss
As we make them, our pathway all o'er;
The Spirit-land beauty but duplicates this;
As we make it we'll find it—no more.

PRESS FORWARD! PAUSE NOT!

Don't pause on the track to weep or look back
At the troubles that lie far behind you,
For time moves right on; your woes are soon gone,
And other small troubles will find you.

Each moment you weep or lose precious sleep
O'er things that have gone on forever,
You lose valued time for pleasure sublime;
Just smile on in firmer endeavor.

Don't pause to debate while good things await,
And are challenging your attention;
There's ever in view a something to do;
Despondence is only prevention,

Be loyar and true to friends oldand new,
And keep all your kind thoughts in motion;
Press forward and srive in spirit to thrive,
And soon the world sees your devotion;

All aims pure and high you'll gain by and by,
No treasure of truth is forbidden.
The weal and he woe together must go,
Though one in the other be hidden.

Recall not the past the future to blast,
But hope on through every condition,
The goal is attained and life's purpose gained—
By strife, as the price of Fruition.

CHEER FOR THE DEPARTED.

We must sometime pause from labor and our all-absorbing thought,
To look out upon the future, and to glimpses we have caught
Of a life beyond the mortal, where our friends who pass away
Often tell us in faint whispers, "All will meet some future day."

Oft when life seems bathed in sweetness and our soul its zenith finds,
Swift a cloud spreads out above us and our mortal vision blinds;
Then it is we are reminded of our weakness unto woe,
Though we know when all is over, light and darkness make us grow.

When there passes from the vision to that higher, brighter sphere,
An old kindred or companion who has been so long so near,
Even tears will fail to fully ease the pent-up throbbing heart,
For though knowing it were better, it were bitter thus to part.

When the spirit and the body can no longer live as one;
When the soul immortal, yearning, finds its earthly labor done,
It were wise to be transported to a higher plane of life,
There again in active labor to resume the round of strife.

It were wise to be uplifted from a worn-out form of earth;
It were wise to have soul-freedom in a higher form of birth,
And no matter how we miss them from our lonely earth abode,
We should hail the soul's transition, and give cheer along the road.

As upon the surging ocean, unencumbered by the forms,
They are drifting quite securely from this life's tempestuous storms,

All their faults of earthly nature will in time be gone,
unknown;
Will be swept away eternal, when the spirits are full
grown.

MY MOTHER'S HAND.

There lies before me on the bed
A souvenir white and grand,
That beckons back the snow-white head
And touch of mother's hand.
In every thread that beautiful spread
Still speaks of mother's hand.

And here's a handsome crazy-quilt,
With flowers and leaves stitched o'er,
That never die—that neither wilt,
Each brings her back once more
From every stitch there comes that rich,
Sweet thought from spirit-shore.

And there a tidy—"Robert Burns"—
"Should auld acquaintance be"—
Again that dear old face returns
To say: "Remember me."
In every part my mother's heart
Implanted there I see.

There hangs a plaque upon the wall—
A parrot worked in black—
That speaks the plainest of them all
In calling mother back.
That dear old Polly that kept her jolly
With his "cracker to crack."

And many a thing is stored away,
I prize so very high,
For in each one there seems to stay
My mother's dear old eye,
That from above still views with love
These things that never die.

BASHFULNESS.

It is awful to be bashful and faint-hearted in life's race;
 It is painful to be awkward when occasion calls for grace;
 But there's something so unnerving in a sweet and pretty
 face,

That one cannot stop that sinking
 In the silence, and a-thinking
 That he'd give the world to vanish from this "bloomin'"
 earthly place.

Life must be a dreadful failure, and a chain of linking
 woes,
 To a youth with deep affection and a bashfulness that
 grows,
 As he treads along the pathway on the tips of tender toes,
 And the world so full of pleasure
 And of sweetness he could treasure,
 If he had no bashful feelings when his soul a-sparking
 goes.

THE ORPHAN'S TWO MOTHERS.

Mamma, I saw a sweet angel last night,
 While kneeling and saying my prayer;
 Her face was so fair, her eyes were so bright
 As she stood and gazed on me there.

Just as I finished and rose to my feet,
 Gliding so gently, she came
 Over quite near me; I heard her repeat
 So calmly and sadly my name.

She pushed back my ringlets and kissed me there
 Where you love to kiss me so well,
 And whispered these words: "My darling, so fair,
 You never need fear any hell."

She spoke it so sweetly, I know it is true,
 And "I am your angel and guide,"
 She said, "and ever am watchful of you—
 Your mamma who sickened and died."

She then disappeared just the same as she came—
So sudden, so sadly and still;
The last words she spoke she whispered my name
And bade me "be good," and I will.

So few little children like me—left alone—
Have one mother, loving and true,
To watch them and teach them until they are grown,
How thankful I am I have two.

One on the earth-side and one over there
With God and the angels on high;
One teaching to pray, one heeding the prayer;
Oh, who is more favored than I?

THE SOUL OF THINGS.

Have atoms souls with life endowed;
With auras to attract allowed;
With power to sense, to feel and know
The touch of those above, below,
Or all around that doth attract,
Also repel; their own in fact?

Have moths, and mites, and ants, and fleas;
Have stones and plants, and giant trees,
Have birds and animals the same
Aspiring, growing-power—aim,
Virtue, fragrance, spirit and breath,
Living, changing through so-called death?

Why not things seen and unseen too
Have souls, when soul is not in view?
When things unseen have motive power,
May not the same be in the flower,
To make it grow and change alway,
As alternate the night and day?

May not this force that holds the sun,
The moon, the earth in place, be one
And but the same that is within
The smallest mite, to make it win,

Attract, adhere to other mites,
To other forms, as satellites
Around the sun revolving cling
To grow in harmony and bring
The higher things out from the low?
Is this what makes all nature grow?
"Electric Force"—by science named—
A force by science caught and tamed?
And still the black clouds float in air,
The lightnings flash in vivid glare,
The thunders roar, the waters fall,
And tell us science hasn't all

It has but learned to use the force
And undiscovered left the source.
There seems design behind this power,
In ocean billows and in flower,
And if design there is behind,
There surely is designing mind.

There seems intent and purpose in
All things, and thus all things begin;
Then all combined in one great whole,
Design, intent and power roll,
And touch all things of earth and air,
And sea—impart eternal there
A living and a loving soul.
To cling, evolve, emit, unroll,
Attract, repel, unite, divide,
To do and be, and work, and guide,
Within all things, without, between,
Nor felt, nor heard, likewise unseen;
All things that are have ever been
Endowed with souls with life within.

AT THE GRAVE.

Back to earth must each return;
In this let us rejoice:
That in the change we can discern
The tone of Nature's voice;

Here, free from pain we lay to rest
The lifeless bones and clay,
Through which a spirit has expressed
And gained eternal day.

Let tears now shed be tears of joy,
Let flowers be strewn around,
As we deposit this alloy
Beneath its native ground;
Let smiles succeed the bitter woe
At parting with this one,
When in the parting we do know
Their bitterness is done.

No crape to speak of future dark
Let mingle in this rite,
Nor words of mourning ever mark
The great beyond as night;
Oh, let us now, with loving song,
Deposit dust to dust,
And let the spirit join the throng,
And gain whate'er is just.

TIME WAS—TIME IS.

Time was when fagots flashed from every church
Towards witches at the stake;
When freedom swooned and left her lofty perch,
And hid—"for Jesus' sake."

Time was, at preacher's beck and priestly call,
All earth obeyed in fear,
And cringed like cowards 'neath religion's pall—
That mantle of the bier.

Time was when reason smothered back her voice
And blindness had full sway,
When gilded tyrants only could rejoice
And demons had their day.

Time is when reason stands her ground for right,
And science has a voice,

When Christian fagots only serve to light
The world—and all rejoice.

Time is when preachers, better understood,
Must preach what people know
Is true—must have a Father that is good—
Or quit the church and go.

Time is, when reason, long subdued, must rise
From cobweb and from dust,
And take its place among the living wise
To reign with power just.

Time is, the fagot, wet with heaven's quenching dew,
Has lost its burning flame,
And Christian bigots, black with crime, are going, too,
In darkness of their shame.

THE MORTAL GREAT INCLINE.

Why cannot mankind be brothers and be sisters every day,
As they float along together o'er this earth-life's ocean way?
Why should not we all be angels—as in souls we are divine,
And are gliding on together down the mortal Great Incline?

Why should not we give the hand-clasp to our brothers, weak and down,
When beneath the surging billows we are liable to drown?
Why not buoy them with true courage and thus make their spirits shine,
As we glide along together down the mortal Great Incline?

None can be an angel ever in some other, higher sphere,
If the angel is not in him and propelling him right here.
No one needs to feel important when he hears a brother whine,
For they must pass on together down the mortal Great Incline.

None can miss it, lest too early he may sink beneath a wave;

But e'en then he finds the doorway to the same old timely grave,
And in passing o'er the landing must observe the wise design
In ALL gliding on together down the mortal Great Incline.
We may struggle to be youthful in the form as well as soul,
But we find the finger imprints of old Time's eternal roll,
Marking somewhere on the mortal in the furrows coarse and fine,
That we, too, are passing onward down the mortal Great Incline.
It is grand old Nature's edict; it is evolution's plan,
To move on in endless cycles, disregarding mortal man,
Who, a little, helpless creature, is compelled to fall in line,
And move on like other driftwood down the mortal Great Incline.

WAITING, DREAMING, GOING, GREETING.

I am waiting, only waiting
Till the clouds of earth go by;
Only waiting for the rating
Of my record—low or high;
And a voice so full of kindness,
Speaks across the mortal blindness;
“Brother, spirit cannot die.”

I am dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
In the twilight of my day;
Of the seeming of the gleaming
Of a light across the bay;
And a voice is sweetly calling,
Calling, as the night is falling:
“Do not tarry on the way.”

I am going, yes, I'm going
 To that land beyond my dream;
 I am going in the flowing
 Of life's ever-running stream;
 And the voice of Nature speaking,
 Tells my spirit that its seeking
 "Is its sunlight's golden gleam."

Oh, the meetings and the greetings
 In the silence of that sphere;
 Oh, the meetings and completings
 Of the loving started here;
 Oh, the words of love unspoken,
 In the silence there unbroken,
 In their trueness will appear.

BACKWARD AND FORWARD, O, TIME!

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,"
 And make me an infant again for a night;
 Once more let me coddle upon mother's breast,
 A baby in dresses, and let me be pressed
 Again to that spirit as fondly and long
 As once I was held there, and hear that same song:
 "Oh, by, my baby, oh, by-by, my boy,
 By, oh, my baby, oh, by, mother's joy."

Forward, move forward, O Time, in thy flight,
 And out o'er the future, oh bear me to-night;
 Out there in soul-land in mother's embrace
 Give my yearning spirit its babyhood place,
 With touches and kisses that mothers alone
 Implant on their babies before they are grown;
 Forward, move forward, and let me pass through,
 My mother's bright mansion in spirit to view.

Forward and backward, then forward, O Time,
 Just floating 'twixt heaven and earth like a rhyme;
 Now treading, now silent, now stalking with Death;
 Now wafting the zephyrs and tornado's breath;
 Now bringing the sunshine, the moonlight and dew,
 The raindrops in season, in season anew

The flowers and fragrance—a life reconciled;
O make me an angel—O make me a child.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE'S TRANSITION.

Life is fraught with many burdens, to be borne—by each
his own—

To be carried by each mortal till the mortal is outgrown,
But true manhood never falters 'neath the burdens it
must bear

In its labors for the masses—for advancement every-
where;

This is taught us as the working of a grand eternal plan;
In the deeds of William Gladstone, rightly called "The
Grand Old Man."

That true greatness lies in goodness all humanity agree;
That true goodness with its motives from all selfishness
born free

Is immortal, and forever moves the conscience, free from
guilt,

In the labor of its nature—cannot die when bodies wilt—
Here is taught us as the working of a grand eternal plan,
In the life that lies before us, of this truly "Grand Old
Man."

All the world is paying homage to a life of greatest good;
To a life that in its greatness is not fully understood;
To a life that knew no falter when the right should be
maintained;

To a life of true devotion to the best that life contained;
To a man who loved all peoples with a love no greater
than

Now returns by all in blessings on this noble "Grand Old
Man."

SILVER MEMORIES.

When you look into the mirror
At that mass of snowy hair,
Do you feel that you are nearer
To that land so bright and fair?
Do you think when life seemed dearer
Or was freer from dull care;
When your eyes discerned much clearer
Grandest beauties everywhere?

Do you see within the olden,
Back of toil and care and pain,
That same head of hair—a golden
Or a black or brown again?
Do you see just how beholding
To Dame Fortune—just how vain—
How your pride once did embolden
Youth's ambition for Life's strain?

Do you hear a baby cooing
There upon its mother's lap,
While those eyes of love are viewing
In that face thy future's map?
Do you hear that song, imbuing
Little eyes to take a nap,
While a mother is reviewing
Baby's stockings, dress and cap?

Do you travel o'er the highway
Or the pathway of the past,
O'er the rough and winding by-way
Where your lot of life was cast,
When you thought—"If I had my way
Time would never fly so fast;
I would fashion life all thy way,
Happy childhood, to the last?"

That silvered head is but a token
Of a journey nearly o'er,
Of many ties by time unbroken,
Formed in blessed days of yore;

Of kindly words and harsh ones spoken,
And of souls made glad and sore;
Yes, all these locks are little tokens
Of the days to come no more.

THE PENDULUM OF BIRTH.

Who knows what lies beneath the sod
Unkissed by sun or moon or dew,
Waiting a call to life in pod,
Now dormant—out of view?
In Nature's womb where starts all things
Upon the little round of earth,
And life, no night, no day, but swings
The pendulum of birth.

And yet upon the sod unturned
Eternal grass may grow
And die and fall and there be burned,
Till ages come and go;
And there beneath, asleep, alone
Remains the virgin germ
Of weed or plant of vine unknown
By man or beast or worm.

But once upturned to light of day
And air and heat and rain,
It smiles and starts upon the way
Of evolution's plane,
And fills its place among the things
Beyond man's power to know,
Above the flight of angel wings,
And science here below.

An upturned sod, a bit of earth
Upheaved where Time unknown
Has gathered seeds and held from birth
Entombed, where winds have blown
O'er ancient lands to lodge and lie
In wait for touch of mate—
The light and air and rain, and by
The soil to germinate.

The germ was there; the life was there;
 Not dead, but sleeping through
 The change that came to earth and air
 And sea, when change was due.
 It might have been a part of man
 Sometime, and clothed a soul
 That sensed and thought and taught the plan
 Of evolution's roll.

It might have helped to rule the world
 When Rome was in her prime;
 It might have been from Caesar hurled
 When Brutus, steeped in crime,
 Made wounds that filled with rage and woe
 An age of muscle, brain
 And pride; an age that had to grow
 To find the spirit plane.

An upturned sod, a tiny germ,
 A living thing, a world
 Within a world, as true and firm
 In life, though sleeping, curled
 In patience all those busy years
 Of all the worlds intact,
 Sleeping, growing, waiting, its fears
 Subdued—a living fact.

QUERY AND CONCLUSION.

Will the angels make me wait
 'Round about the golden gate,
 Just because my clothes are shabby and are all worn
 through?
 Do they watch me as they pass
 Down the aisle to prayer and mass
 And then watch me back to see if I've a rented pew?

Do they look in my old purse
 So flat and empty—even worse—
 Full of holes and wrinkled with neglect and want of gold,

When they want to judge my soul
For a place upon the roll
Of enlistment in the Master's large and spotless fold?

Will my record stand the test.
With the rich man at his best,
Who has squeezed from others all the wealth he claims to
own?

Do they spurn the righteous doer
Up in heaven if he's poor?

Then the God is only Money and sits on a golden throne.

If 'tis gold that is the God,
And he rules with golden rod,
Then his crown must be of diamonds, costly, bright and
rare,

And the angels, one and all,
Robed in white, within the wall

Of that mansion must possess a wealth of golden hair.

If the rich are there preferred
Then the Father's holy word
Was a falsehood when he spoke it through his only son,
For he said without a doubt,
That the rich were all barred out;

And in hoarding up their money they must others leave
with none.

But sometimes I hear a voice,
And it makes my soul rejoice,
And it drives away the feeling that my life has been in
vain,
For it tells me that the poor
Of a heaven are as sure

As the rich men, if their purpose is to give as well as gain.

I have worked and earned my bread
And have shunned with fear and dread
All temptations to oppress and cramp my honest fellow-
men;

I've been honest to a cent,
And a life of love have spent,
But if gold is God, I've lost it. Ah, what then? What then?

But my spirit tells me "No,
That the God is Soul, I know;
That Soul is Love and Spirit in a universal law,"

And I wouldn't give that thought
For all Heavens that are bought,
Or the mansions that are builded of aristocratic straw.

Let me wear these slouchy clothes
O'er a heart that always loathes
The everlasting selfishness of man's unholy greed,
To the closing earthly day
Of the spirit in the clay,
And I'll trust my future welfare outside of money creed.

BE PATIENT WITH YOUR MOTHER.

Do not speak cross to your mother, though your angry heart may break,
For you do not know the hours she has suffered for your sake
And you cannot tell what moment that her earthly sun may set,
Then for every cross word spoken you will carry a regret.
Her old heart is often breaking and her eyes oft filled with tears,
While her thoughts are for her children in the coming of the years.
Her kind spirit shows no falter in the duty to her own,
And her bosom covers sorrows by her children never known.
All grandchildren are her idols, aye, far more to her than gold,
And though sometime while correcting she may get real cross and scold,
There is always warm and tender in her voice's undertone
That deep feeling of affection that true mothers only own.
Oft her language may be cutting when her nerves are all unstrung,
But be patient, she's your mother, and her nerves are not so young.
She was patient, kind and gentle to her children in the past,
And it is a bounden duty that they love her to the last.

She may scold you as she used to in the days that are gone by,
 Till it wounds your very spirit and you feel that you must cry,
 But be patient with your mother, yes, be calm e'en then and smile
 For she loves you and can linger with you but a little while.

Kindly make her life a heaven while she stays upon the earth,
 If you have the kind of spirit to appreciate your birth.
 Through the sunshine and the shadows of this life she guarded you,
 And your love and sweetest kindness to your mother is now due.

NOW DOAN' YO' GIT EXCITED!

Now doan yo' git excited, foh dar's time foh eberything;
 De trees dey doan' begin ter bud fo' de cummin ob de spring,
 An' de cattapillah's baby in his lil' wahm cookoon,
 Ef he gits in awful hurry he kaint git out too soon.

De lil' squirrels am a-chummin' an' de birds hab 'gun ter mate,
 An' hit sets dis darkey thinkin'—kinder buzzin' in his pate—
 'Bout de stories dat dey tells him ob de Bible ez er whole,
 An' dat now's de time foh lookin' ter de intres ob his soul.
 Dey's done gone tol' me sartin, dat jis' now's de only time,
 An' yit dey says de sinnah dat repents at death kin climb Up on dat golden laddah jis' ez clean ez any saint,
 But yit I kaint belieb it, fo' de Lawd, I sartin kaint.

An' I kaint see how dey reasons when dey reckons up two ways,
 An' hit leabs dis yere ol' noggin in a kinder sorter daze;

But dar's nuthin' lak er watchin' all de pints in nachral law,
 When de preachah an' de deacons am er pintin' ter yo' flaw.

No use ter be in moshun when you should be layin' still,
 Ner be up an' cummin' airly when dar's lots ob time ter kill,
 Dar's time foh work an' loafin', an' er time ter sing an' pray,
 But de time ter whip de debbil's when de debbil cums yo' way.

Termorrer's fer de promise, an' de yesterday am gone,
 But terday's de time foh doin', an' de season's allus on;
 But doan git in too big hurry, yo'll be loosin' sho's yo' do,
 Foh dar's uddah men er gittin' and dey wants ez much ez you.

Dar's er season foh de buddin' dat seems sweetes' an' de bes',
 De growin' an' de ripenin', an' de season fer ter res',
 But you kaint push on no season any fasteh ef yo' tries,
 An' yo' rushin' after money is er failure when you dies.

All yo' rushin' arter Jesus lak er hongry pig foh co'n,
 Wid a tambereen an' singin' an' a big bass drum an' ho'n,
 Kaint onhitch de chains ob nacher mor'n de church's clangin' chime,
 An' no saint kin git ter hebben much afo' de gittin' time.



SWEET REGRETS.

Good deeds we might have done but did not wish to do,
 Leave horrid gaps in life for mem'ry to pass through;
 Love neglected. frowns for smiles, kindness one forgets,
 Teach caution, right and wrong, in painful, sweet regrets.

Like footprints 'round a home of blighted innocence;
 Like ghosts around a graveyard, outpeering through the fence;

Like angel eyes that watch and make us pay life's debts,
Are clustered 'round our souls the bitter, sweet regrets.

Like star-gems in the bright blue sky o'erspread above;
Like silent voices whispering words of angel love;
Like crusts and crumbs a soul in deepest hunger gets;
Are all the lessons of our sweetest sweet regrets.

MOTHER—MY SAVIOR.

I would rather have my mother to direct my footsteps
here

Than to risk an unknown Savior, for my mother is most
dear,

And I feel that in the spirit of the kinship that she holds
She is drawn more closely to me as her mother soul
unfolds.

She is hunting not for mansions up around the "great
white throne,"

Only working there and waiting in a home that is her
own;

And I know that when I call her she can hear my voice
as clear

As she could back there in childhood when her dear old
form was near.

And I know my loving mother is the only one to be
Just the kind and loving Savior that she always was to
me;

And from spirit land she watches with her kind old soul-
eyes now,

And before her precious presence I will make my gracious
bow.

And my father, long in soul-land, always honest, kind and
true,

Doubtless oft has been my Savior when I knew not what
to do;

When the clouds were round me clustered and my pathway
seemed so rough,

"Be true to self," he whispered, "and that is guide
enough."

How oft those words are spoken when the way seems
dark and drear;
And they always make me stronger, as they give me
kindly cheer;
And I always aim to heed them just because I know they
come
From my father or my mother, and will always help me
some.

I so often go to slumber when too weary e'en to rest,
And I dream my head is pillow'd on my mother's dear
old breast,
And the comfort of the dreaming fills my lonely heart
with joy,
For I know she still is mother to her curly-headed boy.

WILL COME BACK TO ME.

When I become useless, decrepit and old,
Just waiting from earth-land to flee,
Will all of my kindred and loved ones grow cold
And fail to be good unto me?

Will those I befriended, will those I gave aid
With heart and with hand ever free,
Go back on my kindness? Will promises made
Be broken, forgotten to me?

Long days have I labored for others to gain,
As though it were Nature's decree,
And has all my wearying labor been vain?
Will nothing come back unto me?

All labor is pleasant when seasoned with love,
Though tedious and wearing it be;
My motives are sacredly indexed above
And sometime will come back unto me.

When done with my duty my spirit will go
Where duties again I shall see;
Where kindness yields kindness and good motives grow
Then justice will come unto me.

EDITH'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Isn't Mamma up in Heaven?" to the preacher Edith said;
She had heard him telling others "She was numbered with
the dead,
And as she was not a Christian she would find the future
dark;
She could enter not the Kingdom, for the Savior knew the
mark."

Edith listened for a moment and her anxious soul spoke
out:

"If my Mamma ain't in Heaven, I would rather, too, stay
out,
For she loved me and whatever else in future may occur,
I shall never care to go there if there isn't room for her.

"And I'll never hunt for Jesus, for I do not care to find
A being who to Mamma would be cruel or unkind.
Oh, no, sir, Mr. Preacher, I will have you understand
That if she is not in Heaven I will seek another land.

"If there is a loving Savior now, or if there ever was,
He could not close the doors of Heaven on the good
Mammas,
And you needn't preach such doctrine to the children of
to-day,
For our Mammas come and tell us they are just across
the way.

"They tell us, Mr. Preacher, for in dream the other night
Mamma came to see me, robed in purest, spotless white,
And she kissed me and she told me to be good and true,
And that sometime she would take me home beyond the
blue.

"And I told her in the silence of that sweet and peaceful
dream,
I was lonesome here without her and I couldn't make it
seem
Like the dear old home it used to be when I nestled in
her lap
With my head upon her bosom in a blessed baby nap."

IN THE SWEET AND GOLDEN SOMETIMES.

In the sweet and golden sometime that is not so far away,
There will be a changed condition, and each dog will have
his day.

In the rapid coming future there will come a day of grace
For the beings who have labored here to cultivate the
race;

For the beings who have labored for a pittance for the
rich,

But who never could get higher than the toiler's working
niche.

In the sweet and golden sometime, and the time will not
be long,

When no few will own this planet and control the human
throne,

There will be a brighter prospect for the masses here be-
low,

And aristocrat "four-hundreds" this old world will never
know,

For the laws of righteous Nature claim all men as right-
ful heirs,

And the poor and rich are equal at the landing of the
stairs.

In the sweet and golden sometime, when the fog of earth
has cleared,

When there comes a brilliant sunbeam and the clouds
have disappeared,

The results of Life's great battle can be summed up by
each one;

Then the credit will be given only where good work is
done,

And ambition to gain riches will have checked the growth
of soul

And the poor may be the richer in the great eternal Whole.

SWEET DREAMS.

I oft sit and dream of the firelight glow,
Of the dear, dear days of the long ago,
And bring back the dear faces and forms and souls,
As I gaze in the glare of the bright live coals.

I love those dear dreams and the firelight gleams,
And the scenes they bring back, for ever it seems
That even the sorrows that weighed me down so
Were needed by Nature in making me grow.

Those dear days lived over in dreaming to-day
Make smoother my rambles along the rough way;
I get back to childhood with each pleasant friend
And live there unheeded by Time and the end.

The days pass so swiftly—too swiftly by far—
While dreaming these visions, for Time's moving car
Goes swiftly and leaves me much older, with hair
All frosted and dying, engulfed in dull care.

And yet to dream ever, how pleasant 'twould be
To dream o'er the river of Eternity,
When done with the earthly and earth-friends are gone,
To live in my dreaming and dream on and on.

Oh, sweet, blessed dreaming, in sleep and awake,
All earth is but seeming and troubles forsake
When thou art upon me; the muddiest stream
Is clear as a crystal—when only a dream.

GET IN TOUCH WITH A BABY.

If your life is getting drouthy and the earth seems dreadful drear,
If the days are dark and gloomy through each week and month and year,
If your heart is getting callous and your spirit getting sour,
Get in touch with some sweet baby and just love it every hour.

If the wrinkles on your visage, that so plainly tell of age,
Seem to haunt you with their coming till you feel all in a
rage;

If you feel your strength is failing and your mind is los-
ing power,

Get in touch with some sweet baby and just love it every
hour.

If the light of life is fading and you seem just drifting on,
Only waiting at the landing for the coming day to dawn,
Only watching in impatience for a signal from the tower.
Get in touch with some sweet baby and just love it every
hour.

If you feel unstrung and weary with the worry of the day;
If you fail to solve the problems that pile up and in your
way;

If you wish to make life ever one grand green and fra-
grant bower,

Get in touch with some sweet baby and just love it every
hour.

TO RISE AGAIN.

The curtain falls to rise again;
'Tis but a change of scene;
With specialties—a joy—a pain,
Close interspersed between.

To rise again upon a stage
Where souls eternal play
Life's dramas o'er from age to age,
In Nature's endless way.

To rise again through every act
In evolution's grind;
Through every scene in this great fact
Of life and humankind.

To rise again before the throng
In other worlds than this;
The curtain falls, and still the song
Of life is in death's kiss.

OUR KIND OF A GOD.

He stood upon the palace steps, a wreck of humanity,
With hunger weak, in rags and cold, naught but a tramp
was he;
The door was closed upon him now, no crumbs in there
to spare;
The parson had come a moment before, the family was
at prayer;
In purple and linen fine the Lord must hear their plea
And thanks for all their food and clothes obtained from
poverty;
Thanks to a God who only sees through eyes so selfish
grown
That he feeds but those who pay their way and leaves the
rest alone.
Hear the prayer within and without and then in justice
true,
Pray tell whom a God of love should show his love and
kindness to.

The Prayer Within.

Oh, God, We bow our heads to Thee in thanks for all this
glittering wealth;
These clothes, our food, our jewels, to all our children
health;
These palace walls that keep us warm, this costly furni-
ture,
That fill our hearts with pride and weal, and makes us
feel secure;
Thou hast blessed us all with stomachs full and purses as
replete;
Hast given us from stores of earth, in heaven a promised
seat;
Hast given us that others earned because we every day

Leaned hard on Thee in all our work and ne'er forgot to
pray;
For all these things we thank Thee, God, and ask Thee
once again
To love and bless us chosen ones, for Jesus' sake—Amen.

The Prayer Without.

Oh, God, art thou the father of us all, the rich as well as
poor?
Then ere I perish of hunger and cold, open this rich man's
door.
If thou art Father and we are sons, then why my brother
bless
And leave me out in rags to starve, when I pray none the
less?
I ask no costly palace, God, no lands of breadth and
length;
Give me the crumbs my brother wastes; give to me work
and strength.
I'd give Thee thanks, oh, God, if I had ever felt 'twas right
To thank for naught and flatter loud a God so partial
quite.
But this weak form, this ragged wreck, these bruised and
bleeding feet
Are all I have to thank Thee for—a home out in the street.

* * * * *

Did ever a God exist, pray tell, unmindful of the poor
That stand in hunger, ragged and cold, and beg at the rich
man's door?
Could ever a God of justice be so aroused by flattering
praise,
And deaf to the plea of poverty, that a hand he would
not raise?
Oh! give us a God who sees the tramp who begs from door
to door;
Oh! give us a God unchained by gold, or greed, or thirst
for gore;
A God of wisdom, truth and love, who "sees the sparrow's
fall,"
Who loves the right, though rich or poor, or give us no
God at all.

NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

I'd like to be a boy again upon a New Year's Eve,
So many calls I'd like to make, and some I should receive.
I'd like to wipe out all the past that gives me only grief,
And blow a horn again, and shout, and get some sweet
relief.

I'd like to call upon that girl who looked so sweet to me,
And have a youthful spell of joy—a spirit full of glee
I'd like to see that pretty face, those sparkling eyes of
blue,
I'd like to touch that hand again, and kiss those dear lips,
too.

'Twould be a pleasure fond and deep to climb the castle
stair

I builded o'er and o'er again of nothing but the air,
And swell with pride and hopefulness upon the prospects
bright,

That fell to earth and passed from me and left my hopes
in blight.

There is a vast expanse of time betwixt that day and this,
With storms of sorrow and of woe, and compensating bliss,
But I would fly beyond it all, to grasp that hand once
more,

With all the rapture of first love, back in the days of yore.

I'd like to be a boy again, and I will tell you why:
I'd like to have a great big piece of mother's pumpkin
pie;

I'd like, also, to go and skate upon that little stream,
And like that dear old moon above, just let my young
soul gleam.

Those days have gone—I'm passing on, and though this
form grows old,

There still remain upon this plane sweet pleasures to
unfold,

The mighty horde that follows me must profit by my stay,
And so I feel there yet is weal for me along the way.

If all who live would gain and give, more pleasure and
less pain:

If all would try to help someone the higher heights to gain,
This world would be from paupers free, who hungry now must roam,
And those inclined would always find right here on earth a home.

THE BLUE TIME AND THE BRIGHT TIME.

When the wind blows back the ashes of a burning discontent,
And there comes an awful sorrow that one cannot well prevent;
When a darkness settles over us and we are bent with woe,
And the hand of Fate, firm-grasping, will not set free to go—

That is the Blue Time.

When a friend we love most dearly cuts us cold without a cause,
And our heart-beats lose vibration for each other—nearly pause;
When our sweet and healthy b'y, of a sudden passes on,
When the truest friends have left us and all hope seems dead and gone—

That is the Blue Time.

When our home, where once there anchored all the sacred ties of earth,
Is abandoned, broken, shattered, and is wrecked of all its worth;
When the very air seems stifling and the sunlight fades away;
When the future seems a horror, and we hate the coming day—

That is the Blue Time.

But the Blue Time is preceded and is followed by the bright;

And the dark and dreary night-time is excluded by the light,
When the shining sunbeams glitter in the crystal morning dew;
When the noon-day sunlight glimmers from the heaven's arch of blue—

That is the Bright Time.

SOME POINTED DON'TS.

Don't be too quick to kick someone for doing as they please;

Don't be too quick to take insult, and always rest at ease,
For someone else is just as apt to be as perfect, too,
And have as good a reason for the bricks he hurls at you.

Don't be too badly hurt by aught because it seemed a snub;

Don't be too quick to feel a stab or catch a caustic rub;
Don't be too stingy with your smiles when life seems bright and clear;

Don't be neglectful of your friends and brothers who need cheer.

Don't be too loud in lauding self, and low in others' praise;
Don't be too weak in soul and form some sinking one to raise;

Don't skim the milk and drink the cream a brother needs to-day;

Don't eat your fill of all the good and throw the rest away.

Don't try to own the blooming earth to build a fence around;

Don't hoard away your surplus wealth and be to earth-life bound;

Don't think the world will crown you king o'er all because you're rich,

Don't try to crowd your brother out of his own little niche.

Don't get so high in self-esteem you notice not your friends;

Don't think when you are fortunate good fortune never ends;
Don't think this world was made for you, and you alone to use;
For soon old Death will come and lift you from your earthly shoes.

A MOTHER LEFT ALONE.

You can measure all the sadness and the sorrows ever known,
But there's nothing that will compare with a mother left alone.
All her years of toil and worry, ev'ry painful night and day,
Is forgotten in her sorrow when the last one goes away.
Though old Death has kept his distance from her home through all the years,
There's a pulling at her heartstrings as each loved one disappears.
Tho' she knows there must be partings as they all advance in age,
Her dear soul is never ready for the final ending page.
She has pressed them to her bosom and has nursed them each in turn,
And as each moves out in selfhood there's an added painful yearn.
She still feels those baby fingers and those lips and boneless gums,
And her mother heart is broken when that final parting comes.
Though she gives her life to please them, they but seldom realize
That her heart gets sad and heavy with the torturing "good-byes";
But she feels those baby fingers as when they were all her own,
And her mother heart is palsied when at last she is alone.

IF I COULD BE A GOD.

I sometimes think—

If I could be a God awhile, I know what I would do:
I'd make the world a better one or make the whole thing
new.
I would not change the sun or moon, or busy twinkling
star,
Or leave, just for a chosen few, the heaven's gates ajar.

If I could be a God—

Throughout my kingdom I would have my edict under-
stood:
That all things made or caused to be, were aimed for some
great good.
I'd stop all wars, all crimes of men, all greedy selfish
strife;
I'd have all beings show respect for other beings' life.

And then I think—

I'd have the millions gambled with more equally in use,
I'd make a limit to man's wealth, thus limit its abuse.
I'd have no mothers starving here, no ragged, homeless
ones;
I'd have on earth but peace and love, and have no use for
guns.

If I could be a God—

I'd open wide the spirit land and let all people see
That when the body fails the soul continues onward free.
I'd have no law oppressive to the masses, while the few
High-headed ride above it all. I'd have each get his due.

And then I think—

I'd have each human being know the limit of his sphere,
And have no tyrant hold the weak in constant awe and
fear.
I'd have each human beast confined within his little stall,
And bring about some kind of peace and happiness for all.

Oh, yes, I know—

I'd run this world to suit myself and have no holes of hell,
If I could be a God with all the powers for a spell,
And wouldn't have to ask a child to lead me on the way,
Or dictate all my duties, if I were a God to-day.

But, after all—

I have no fault to find with God for running things His way,

Nor do I think that He will chide me for my finite say.

It is a fact no two agree upon the just and right;

No two can feel, or hear the same, or be of equal sight.

In humbleness—

Infinitude! Almighty! All! I raise my hat to Thee!

Were I as Thou art, in control, I'd soon quite crazy be,

With here complaint, and there a curse, and naught exactly right,

I wonder not sometimes that Thou, though God, art out of sight.

I bow, for I do know—

To one some things are right, and to others all is wrong;

I wonder not that Thou art broad and wise and great and strong.

No doubt, if any man could be the Great All-Wise Divine,
He'd soon close up and bar the doors, and from the place resign.

Lastly, I conclude—

'Twere better then to be content with things we cannot change,

For "ten to one" were we to try this world to rearrange
We'd make the thing WE would have right, for other beings worse,

And bring upon our finite heads the world's united curse.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death. A form grows with each passing soul on earth,

That leaves it at the grave when taking on a higher birth,
Just hands it back to earth again and thanks her for the loan,

And passes on to spheres beyond. The earth receives her own,

And through the crucible of change, in time unfolds again,

Refined—the protoplasmic stuff for other men.

There is no death. The sobs and sighs and hearts bowed down in grief

Are but results of false and crude and ignorant belief,
But when a friend or loved one goes beyond our mortal view

We call it death and leave it so for want of something new.

We see them pass from sight and know so little where they go

We call it death; and yet the gates are swinging to and fro.

There is no death. We know the forms of loved ones are at rest,

Though burned or 'neath the ground with hands across the breast,

We know the places held by them on earth are, vacant now,

For as the coffin lid closed down above the form, somehow
We lost the touch, we lost the voice of some one that we love—

We hear them say, "There is no death; your loved ones are above."

MOTHER AND THE VOICES.

Sweet voices of children we hear once again;
Sweet spring-time and summer, sweet brooklet and glen;
Sweet faces, sweet flowers, sweet woodlands, sweet ferns,
In vivid succession each sweetly returns.

Sweet roses and lilies, sweet violets, too;
Sweet Williams and daisies return fresh and new,
With mother's sweet visage that dwells in our souls
And makes life replete as mem'ry unrolls.

Sad changes have come and have wafted away,
New scenes have been noted with each passing day,
But brighter and grander that motherly face
Grows ever as over our chlldhood we trace.

A sweet voice is calling us back to the time,

Back to the home-life, so sweetly sublime,
When fairy-like fancies illumined youth's brain
With idols and ideals we could not obtain.

No burdens, no worry, no clouds o'er the sky,
Nothing but sunlight and brightness, and why;
Oh, why do those voices so haunt us again,
And make us as children; make children of men?

Two voices—we hear them—they come o'er and o'er;
They speak through the zephyrs and old ocean's roar;
Sweet voice of the future, sweet voice of the past,
Both speak of my mother and love that will last.

The past speaks of mother with soul e'er in tune,
With love only mothers who sweetly commune
With loving small children can ever display,
And the voice is so sweet of that yesterday.

The voice of the future comes back to the soul;
Comes back as the ages of progress unroll;
Comes back from the land of the living out there
Where mother, still loving, is living somewhere.

Comes back from the silent and beautiful shore;
The Sphere of the Mothers, where peace evermore
Enchanting with music of love's sweetest tone,
Unfolds into perfect—true Motherhood's own.

IT MUST LEAVE YOU AT THE TOMB.

Why not be contented with the little you possess,
And just give the world the richness of your bloom?
Why not give your surplus to your kindred in distress?
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

Why should you breed sickness in accumulating wealth
When it only brings the soul eternal gloom?
Why not be contented with your labor and your health?
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

Why not stay the hunger of your starving fellowman,
And thus pay the world the rental for your room;

Feed them with the surplus of your fortune while you can?

For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

When to gain a million ever means to rob and squeeze,

You must know your crime will seal your spirit's doom,
Then be up and seeking pain and sorrow to appease;

For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

There are threads of gold and silver for your soul to wear,

When you weave them on your own life's honest loom;
But the ghost of hoarded wealth will haunt you over there,

For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

THE PAUPER'S APPEAL.

I know I am ragged, and dirty, and poor,
And I beg for my living from door unto door;
No home and no shelter, no friends kind and true;
No kindred to help me; what else can I do?
Too feeble to labor, too honest to steal,
To stay this hunger I only appeal.

Don't look at me that way, for I am no dog;
I'm only a pauper, and no greedy hog;
I ask not for dollars, nor palace, but do
Want crusts from your table—a penny or two—
To tide me just over the hour or the day
That yet I'm allotted among you to stay.

My story's an old one, I know, to most men,
And tedious and irksome to me, but, ah, then.
What's left for a pauper, and folks of that stamp
But in hunger and tatters to beg and to tramp?
What's left for a poor man but to labor and plod,
In this land of the free and an orthodox God?

I once had a shelter, though humble and small,
That kept from the weather my loving ones all.
But one day a Christian, of millions possessed,
Got a mortgage upon it and—you know the rest—

My shelter was taken—my loving ones died,
And left me just drifting alone with the tide.

His Prayer.

No home and no kindred, no money nor friends;
Just living and breathing to wait till it ends;
Oh, Angel of mercy, of love and of light,
I've always lived honest and tried to do right,
Why must I here longer in misery roam?
Oh, take me, I pray you, to my spirit home.

THE POORHOUSE IN SIGHT.

When I am old and worthless for the toils of this old earth;
When this body gets so useless that its service has no worth;
When this worn-out clay is helpless and the soul is almost free,
Will the friends that I made happy to the poor-house hustle me?

Will the friends who love my poems, who have riches stored away,
See me fill a pauper's lodgings while upon the earth I stay?
Will the pleasure that I gave them all regardless of the cost,
And the sacred love I loaned them through my writings, e'er be lost?

Will the poor-house keeper like me for the genii haunting me?
Will he give me some light labor and a room where I can be
With my muses in the silence of the evenings all alone?
Then my soul will sing its anthems to the world in loving tone.

Like a shadow hangs before me the old poorhouse open door,

And it seems to swing so lightly and poetic: nothing more.
With my pen and ink and paper and my muses I will
dwell
In the poorhouse and be happy, if the keeper treats me
well.

If it be my fate to go there, let the world of this be sure:
That while I was writing poems I was making no one
poor;
While my soul was giving gladness to the world in rhyth-
mic thought
I was not oppressing people with the wealth I might have
caught.

I would rather live in honor, though I fill a pauper's
grave,
Than to be possessed of millions I obtained by playing
knaves;
I would rather be a servant or a worthy neighbor's dog
Than to be the hungry spirit of a greedy human hog.

Though the world looks on a pauper with a feeling of
disdain,
Oft beneath the poorhouse shelter will be found a noble
brain;
Greed's environ is the palace and its owner oft a knave,
While an honest man's possession is the bond of common
slave.

Let me pass beyond the portal with a conscience free
and clear,
And though passing from the poorhouse I will pass in
splendid cheer;
Let me help to make folks happy and the rich can have
their gold,
And no matter what betides me in the days when I am
old.

Could money bring to all alike the comforts of the earth,
And Man to man be just,
Then life to each would be so sweet that heaven would
lose its worth,
And God would lose our trust.

AT THE POORHOUSE DOOR.

Let me in there, Mr. Keeper, for I'm feeble and I'm old;
Oh, Sir, please do, Mr. Keeper, for I'm turned out in the
cold.

Yes, I've children who have plenty, but, sir, that is naught
to me,

For I'm old, and they say "childish"—kind o' queer, sir,
don't you see?

And they closed their doors upon me, sir, those babies
all of mine,

Because I'm old and childish; because I'm in decline.

Let me in, for I must slumber, I must rest this breaking
heart,

I must soon forget my sorrow or my soul and form will
part.

The world knows all my trouble, for it is the old, old
song,

I was all right till they married, and just then I was all
wrong.

So they closed the door upon me, sir, these babies all of
mine,

Because I'm old and childish; because I'm in decline.

This dear old dog beside me, sir, must be admitted too,
He's all the friend that's left me, he's the only one that's
true,

And he's old and weak and homeless, sir, and childish,
just as I,

And with him I plead for shelter and a quiet place to die,
For they closed the doors upon us, those babies all of
mine,

Because we're old and childish; because we're in decline.

Oh, please, kind keeper, won't you just open wide the
door?

For justice I'm not pleading, but for mercy I implore,
My cause is just, God knows, sir, above the heart of man;
A mother's love is justice, sir, upon the highest plan.

Though they closed the doors upon me, those dear babies
all of mine,

Yet they cannot close their spirits 'gainst a mother's love divine.

I'll forgive them up in heaven; I will be where'er they roam,

And when they are old and childish, I'll prepare their spirit home.

I must go now, sir—no, thank you—for I hear the angels call;

Be good to my old Carlo—I forgive them—that is all.

And the doors of heaven opened for a soul that was divine,

And a mother's sun-like spirit entered there in love to shine.

* * * * *

Oh, how often has been acted in the drama of this life,
This cruel, heartless feeling towards a mother, for a wife,
Towards a mother, for a husband, when in passion people wed.

They forget the loving touches that once soothed the baby head,

And they drive the mother pleading, to a common poor-house door,

Like a dog to die of hunger, when her usefulness is o'er.

McKINLEY AND CZOLGOSZ.

Poetic Vision of Their Meeting at the Traditional Golden Gate of Heaven.

(Written immediately following the assassination of President McKinley, while the world was in mourning.)

I seem to see at Heaven's gate two men on entrance bent;
One was an assassin, the other a president.

* * * * *

The assassin in a stupor, or a dark and gloomy state,
Slow approaches old St. Peter for admission through the gate,

But before that aged watchman would permit him to pass through

He must pass upon his record for at least a year or two.

Se he telephoned to Central, but old Satan had the 'phone,

And replied that he must interview the victim all alone.

It just seemed that a description had been telephoned ahead

That upon a certain morning the assassin would be dead,
And as Satan "knows his victims," he was there ahead of time,

And had duly been apprised of the assassin's awful crime.

Then came Satan to St. Peter and thus spake with glad salute,

For his victim who was standing at the entrance, sad and mute:

"I am pleased, and at your service, and the fire is all aglow

In the special builded furnace where I cooked Booth and Guiteau."

Then St. Peter turned to Czolgosz to inform him of his fate,

And his eyes fell on McKinley standing just within the gate,

And his voice and smiling presence, unexpected at the time,

Filled old Satan's burning bosom with emotions all sublime.

"I must beg your pardon, Peter, for my presence at your gate,

But I want to plead in Heaven for this soul a better fate.
Please do not let them hurt him, for he surely is insane
On a subject he had pondered while upon the earthly plane;

He mistook me for a tyrant as a ruler of the poor,
And went crazy on the topic that to kill me was the cure."

In an instant Satan vanished and the light came from the skies,

And McKinley, calmly smiling, stood before Czolgosz's eyes;

Then a chorus of sweet voices sang the good old melody,
With McKinley—eyes uplifted—"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The assassin's conscience smote him and McKinley knew
full well
That the poor, distracted spirit would not need a hotter
hell.

Poor St. Peter stood in silence when this solemn scene
had passed,
For a cloud of gloom and sorrow o'er his aged soul was
cast;
Knowing sinners in repentance would at once be made to
see
That old Satan is the conscience and from terror be set
free,
This would rob the dear old watchman of a soft eternal
place,
And no wonder gloom and sorrow came upon St. Peter's
face,
He had learned that Earth's religion had been changed
in recent years,
And that love had well supplanted all the old-time hates
and fears.
Thus in silence sat St. Peter, for he hated to complain,
And he knew his own dethronement meant a universal
gain.

* * * * *

Now I see McKinley leading his poor murderer to a spot
Where no sound could ever reach him; in a place that
seemed forgot,
Here he, smiling, bows and leaves him to the gloom that
is his own,
To the thoughts of his desertion in a desert, all alone.
There to think out his existence in the darkness of his
soul,
There to ponder on his evil, there to drink from his own
bowl.
There he left him with his conscience that had battled all
in vain
To direct a high vibration through his poor deluded brain.
For an age it seemed to Czolgosz while in darkness he
remained
Only conscious of his error and the punishment obtained.
But at last—his soul so heavy that he thought he should
expire—

A great light loomed up before him like the flashing of a fire;
It was then his earthly teachings of the preachers o'er him fell,
Of the sinners and the Savior and the everlasting hell.

Now I see the noble spirit of the martyred one descend
From his home of light and beauty to his now repentant friend.

He seemed filled with deep emotion as he took the fellow's hand,
And he lifted him up higher toward a bright and better land;
And again I hear the voices of the angels from their height,
They were singing with such sweetness—"Lead, Kindly Light."

* * * * *

Each may have on earth his station whether high or whether low,
Hell or heaven, his own creation, love and justice make it so.
Each one has his life and duty, and each one his real worth;
Each must take what life has given, out beyond this rolling earth.

LIKE MOTHER MADE OF YORE.

Let me bubble o'er with trouble,
Let me pass through woes galore,
But give to me some hominy
Like my mother made of yore.
Good hominy, sweet hominy,
Like my mother made of yore.

This baker's bread that we are fed,
Which is sold from every store,
Is but a paste thrown up in haste
Compared to that of yore.
Good home-made bread give me instead,
Like my mother made of yore.

Oh, give me back the old "flap-jack,"
With pure sorghum all spread o'er,
And ginger-bread of brownish red,
Like my mother made of yore.
Oh, please do, make just one good cake
Like my mother made of yore.

I eat the grade they call home-made,
Of all that is set before,
But that milk and toast and turkey roast
Like my mother made of yore—
And cranberry sauce (I still feel the loss)—
Like my mother made of yore.

The old mince pie will never die
Till I reach the shining shore,
There's naught tastes now the same, somehow,
As my mother made of yore.
Please use for me the recipe
That my mother used of yore.

THE COLOR SOUL.

Does not the beauteous rainbow hue
Thy soul with love and strength imbue
As out upon the cloud-mist wall
The sun-rays in effulgence fall
And blend all colors in a scroll,
An emblem of the Color Soul?

Who scans a crimson sun-set sky
And purple clouds that linger nigh
Without inbreathing from the view
Some strength to soul and body, too,
As something drawn from out the whole
Of Nature's charming Color Soul?

Who looks upon the sun-lit sea
In all its blue-green majesty
And draws not nearer to its shore
To watch the waves and hear the roar,
And sense the colors as they roll
Upon the water's Color Soul?

Who looks upon the springtime bloom
 When flowers burst from Winter's tomb,
 Or out upon the hillside green,
 And sees not through this mortal screen
 The thing divine he would extol,
 Knows not sweet Nature's Color Soul.

THE BEST PLACE FOR YOUR TROUBLES.

Once I went into the woodland, o'er my woes to wail and cry,
 And I saw the grand old maples bow their leafy heads and sigh;
 Then I went down to the brooklet, all my troubles there to tell,
 And the waters laughed and watched me as upon my knees
 I fell.

Once I walked about the hilltops, my soul sorrowings to air,
 And the bald old rocks just mocked me with their death-like
 silence there;
 Then I went into the valley with my aching heart bowed
 down,
 And the shadows hovered round me with a deep sarcastic
 frown.

Once I strolled into the meadows in a moody, leisure way,
 And the daisies and the clover winked and nodded free and
 gay;
 Then I strolled into the orchard all my sadness to dispel,
 And the trees shook so with laughter that the blushing ap-
 ples fell.

Once I went upon the housetop to the Universe to pray,
 And the wind just whistled past me in a jolly sort of way,
 Then I went into my closet, there to grumble to myself,
 And my troubles quickly loosened, and I laid them on the
 shelf.

* * * * * * * * * *
 In this poem lies a lesson that all persons ought to know:
 That the world will never listen to your bitter tales of woe
 In the sympathetic manner that you think is due yourself,
 So the best place for your troubles is the closet, on the
 shelf

THE SONG OF SILENCE.

There is grandeur in the thunder, in the clouds and lightning's flash,

And upon the proud old ocean as the waters leap and splash;
There is grandeur in the sunlight, in the dew and falling rain,

But the grandeur of the silence is the highest of this plane.

All throughout the days and evenings sweet song-echoes fill the air;

From the morn till night the cadence of sweet music every where

Enchants our spirits, fills us, but the hush of night is far, Far sweeter, for 'tis restful from the sounds of life that jar

In the busy hum of labor there is something to enthuse
And enkindle thoughts of duty to the world that claims its dues;

In the lights that flash upon us from the lamp-posts on the street,

There is music, but the voiceless song of silence bears the sweet.

In the song-bird's happy warble in the woods along the stream

There is music quite entrancing; aye, 'tis life's harmonic dream;

But when ev'ry song is ended and the soul has had its fill,

There is room within the spirit for the song of silence still.

When the babe lies on the bosom of its mother, fast asleep, There the voiceless song of silence calmly pulsates with the deep.

Oh, the voiceless song of silence is the voice that has control Of the vibrant chords of Nature; 'tis the song of her sweet soul.

If there is in motion, purpose, then the ocean
Has mighty purpose in its waves;

Then to every motion the motor has a notion,
To which all moving things are slaves.

OUR ANCESTORS.

When I look back from the present to the distant past I
see

That old, plain, well-trodden pathway of this great hu-
manity.

I can see those agile monkeys as they swing from limb to
limb,

As they cling with tails and fingers—and right there my
eyes grow dim,

For the race has so developed both in mind and self-
esteem

That the monkeys seem but kindred in a vague, delusive
dream.

Until Darwin caught the notion of the "monad unto man,"
The human race accepted the old Eve and Adam plan,
It was told them in a fable and the fable made a law,
And the foolish masses took it as from God, without a
flaw.

And to think of any science was a crime most deep and
black,

Which was punished by the torture of the thumb-screw
and the rack.

But in spite of that old fable and the fiendish priestly
scheme,

The mind would not be longer held by that delusive
dream;

And they tell us now through science, that the "missing
link is found,

And that man is to the monkey in an obligation bound.
So in casting glances backward to the distant past I see
My own happy kindred swinging by their tails up in a tree.

Hence, I seldom wander backward in my dreams beyond
my birth,

For it makes me rather gloomy to be fastened to the
earth

When my kindred took such pleasure, and perhaps a life
of ease,

With their crude and thoughtless natures, in their homes
'mong the trees,

And it makes me deeply wonder if unfoldment of a mind,
And the dark attending troubles are the acme of man-kind.

WHAT ARE TEARS?

Tears are but the blessed raindrops from a dark and clouded sky;
They are water to the spirit that with sunlight has gone dry;
They are dewdrops, sweetest moisture to the verdure of the soul;
Just a needed irrigation from life's flowing fountain bowl.
When the soul is full of sorrow and the heart bowed down in woe,
There is such sublime fruition in a tearful overflow.
When the cloud of anguish hovers o'er the spirit deep in gloom,
Gentle teardrops are so welcome to hope's smothered, hindered bloom.
Ah! sweet, blessed tears of heaven flowing o'er life's lonely vale.
Slake the thirst of passioned nature when some awful woes prevail.
Next to sleep and rest and joy are tears a healing balm,
And to spirit tempest-tossed they always bring a calm.
Little teardrops are a blessing to a soul that cannot rise;
They so often bring the sunlight to the cloudy, murky skies.
So refreshing and reviving to the withered leaves of life;
So consoling, so composing to the mind in pain and strife.

What's the use of posing as an angel or a God,
When we are only spirit entombed in earthly clod,
The same as all our brothers and sisters on this plane?
To try to get above them would ever be in vain.

ODE TO MOTHERHOOD.

Motherhood! Sweet Motherhood! Life's fountain bowl,
Filled with soul to its utmost; thou source of soul!

Grand, beautiful Motherhood! most sacred state
Of all being; the whole world calleth thee great!

All worship thee, Motherhood, bosom of love;
All know that thy mission comes down from above.

Thy pathway, O Motherhood, rocky and rough
Though it be, is Motherhood; that is enough.

What could be more to thy praise, when understood,
Than that thou art divine, sweet Motherhood.

Thy love has no foibles as to the good
Of thy children, O loyal, true Motherhood.

No hands with thy tenderness furnish the food
For those of thy family, grand Motherhood.

Thy passionless love will e'er stand over all,
While passionate love with the passion may fall.

No force in the universe thy duty could
Ever in life execute, sweet Motherhood.

Tender young Motherhood! Beautiful Wife!
Darling old Motherhood! Beautiful Life!

TROUBLES OF ITS OWN.

Oh, how proud we are of telling all our petty pains and
woes,

And how seldom people sympathize 'most ev'rybody
knows.

When we sigh with deepest sorrow, or in agony we groan,
This old world takes little notice; it has troubles of its
own.

While it always seems relieving just to tell it on the spot,
And for fear without the telling it too soon will be forgot,

It does little good to tell it to the common heart of stone,
For it finds the world too busy with the troubles of its
own.

It were just as well to tell it to the grand and noble trees
That are moved to some emotion by the whisper of the
breeze,
But you must not tell it thinking you have troubles all
alone,
For the world will echo back to you, it has troubles of its
own.

'When you hear a friend recounting all the woes he has to
bear,
You are sure to feel within you that you have had your
share,
And you try to make impressive to your friend in word or
tone
That the world around about him has deep troubles of its
own.

Ah! the time to be most watchful is when others are most
blue,
Oft the clouds that hover 'round them can be brushed
away by you,
And you cannot drown the troubles of another with a
moan,
But a smile will oft relieve him of the troubles of his own.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILD.

Let me linger here in poverty with others who are poor,
Lest a greed for gold withhold me from a grand celestial
tour.

Let me join misfortune's army and be wholly reconciled
To whatever may befall me; I am Mother Nature's Child.

Let me weep with those who sorrow, let me suffer others'
pain,
And within my conscience ever satisfaction entertain.
Let my spirit take its freedom and my soul be undefiled;
Let no shackle bind and hold me; I am Mother Nature's
Child.

Let me go and talk to Nature by the brooklet in the
spring;
Let my rhythmic soul there warble with the happy birds
that sing;
Let me touch the trees that quiver in the breezes blowing
wild,
Let me sleep upon Earth's bosom; I am Mother Nature's
Child.
Let the sunlight kiss my forehead and the evening, wet
with dew,
Soothe my eyelids down in slumber till the earth is passed
from view,
And my soul be bathed in sweetness from the fountain
undefiled,
In a world that understands me; I am Mother Nature's
Child.

I am one of Nature's children, I am one within the whole;
I must be as Nature made me; in true harmony with soul.
I must live and love forever as my Mother Nature styled,
For within my very being I am Mother Nature's Child.

LET US FILL OUR HIGHEST MISSION.

Let us be ourselves, and perfect as we know we ought
to be;
Let us retrospect a moment for the wrong our neigh-
bors see,
And 'before we censure others let us always look
within,
For sometimes the fault is plainer 'neath our own ob-
scuring skin.

Let us cast a little sunlight where there seems to hang
a cloud;
Let us rather raise the living than to offer them a
shroud;
Let us act like loving brothers and like angel sisters
here
And thus fill the world with pleasure while we live
within this sphere.

There are downcast hearts now breaking that to
heaven make appeal;
There are those about us starving while we take our
splendid meal;
There are mothers and their children who are needing
clothes and bread;
Let us aid our fellows living and let Nature aid the
dead.

We have need to be more earnest and uplifting with
the sad;
We have need to be more thoughtful and forgiving of
the bad,
For we know down deep within them, 'neath the
shadow that is dark,
There exists the Great Eternal, Nature's bright evolv-
ing spark.

We have need to be more perfect, wiser; wear a beam-
ing face;
We have need to be unfolding, and to help unfold the
race.
There are diamonds bright and sparkling, far more
precious than of earth,
For the loving and forgiving, in the higher spirit
birth.

There is much in life to live for, much upon this earth
to do;
Much to sow and much to harvest on our transmigra-
tion through.
Here to gain the earthly wisdom; here to hold, ad-
vance and grow,
Let us fill our highest mission on this earth before we
go.

Though God is just and is a judge, according to report,
The Devil keeps an awful smudge around his open court,
To make of man the ruler's tool by forcing him to crime:
To make of him for both a fool, to serve each one in time.

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is God?" you ask me, and your answer echoes loud:

"Out there in space, in sunshine, in the rain and passing cloud;

In all the force of Nature in the mighty universe,
Unmoved by tears or pleadings, and unmoved by prayer
or curse.

"A force, a power unmeasured, and immeasurable by
man;

The strength, the source and progress down within this
worldly plan."

Yes, I know him in my spirit, and I know I am in tune,
For down deep within the silence I with Nature can com-
mune.

In the pretty little baby, in the rainbow and the rose,
In the mother, in the ocean, and the very wind that blows;
In the peaceful, budding Springtime, in the Summer and
the Fall,

In the Winter, when Dame Nature puts a shrouding over
all.

YOUR MOTHER WILL BE THERE.

You may have a doubtful future, you may have a check-
ered now;

You may have your foolish notions and to evil make your
bow;

You may have your many failings and of troubles have
your share,

But please don't forget to notice, your old mother will be
there.

You may be too busy counting your increasing wealth to-
day,

To be mindful of the beggar who is sitting by the way;
You may lose your all tomorrow in a great financial snare,
But when you become a beggar your old mother will be
there.

You may lie upon a sick-bed with a fever running high;
You may fall into the gutter and a helpless being lie;
You may be a hopeless victim of the liquor demon's snare,
While the world around deserts you—your old mother
will be there.

You may cast her out—a pauper—in this cold, unfeeling
world,
With your banners of false "goodness" to the public eye
unfurled;
You may curse her in your anger if your callous con-
science dare,
But when you have cooled a little, your old mother will be
there.

You may make yourself a demon of the deepest, darkest
kind,
And pass on to regions fitted to your calibre of mind;
But before you in her glory, with her mother love and
prayer,
To uplift your soul from darkness, your old mother will
be there.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Is that on earth called perfect love in spirit realm the
same?

Does it come from God above, to gain a form and name?
Is it but a sexly raving—a magnetic cord of earth,
Binding mate to mate in craving to express in birth?

Is all this soulful, unseen power within each molecule
grown

But as life within the flower, and love its fragrant tone?
Or is the soul in mortal state but part of that great whole
Sent out to find a mate and cast another soul?

Is love the life? is life the God? is God the soul of things?
Is soul the germ within the pod, the power unfolding
brings?

Is every atom filled with soul? has every soul a sex?
Has every soul within that whole a mate it should annex?

Then God is soul; then God is love; then God is law and power;

Then we are gods—not far above the fragrant little flower.

But if all things are born from thought, in love's adhering power,

Then we are through that law outwrought from God, as is the flower.

The whole distinction is our breath—our thought eternal part;

Each evolves in change called death, other forms to start.

As ever from the fountain flows new souls to bud and bloom

On earth, again each blooms and grows for aye, beyond the tomb.

Forever reaching, swelling, growing, grasping, clinging to,

Taking, giving, upward going, wanting what is due;

Thus evolving, thus revolving, changing ever by

The law—adhering and dissolving—always low to high.

Thus in loving and attracting, we but work to aid

Eternal motion, ever acting in the niche that's made.

Naught that is will e'er be wasted—by time be washed away,

Naught in life that love has tasted can be lost in cold decay.

ADVICE FROM MY FATHER IN SOUL-LAND.

(Written in 1875.)

Who shirks a duty, fearing pain,

Or shrinks before a foe

When he is right, he will obtain

But little here below.

Who seeks to stab, unstabbed should pause

And on the act reflect,

And never stab without a cause,

A cause he should protect.

The coward's deed, who in the dark

Stabs with death-intent

Makes plainly 'cross his soul a mark
Indelibly indent.

The meanest act of humankind
(Though oft suspense is hard),
Will, rebounding, sometime find
To whom to bring reward.

Why, then, not let the law take course
In Nature's highest courts,
Where love is law, and right is force,
And truth the right reports..

* * * * *

THERE IS NO DEATH.

The tree may lose its strongest limb,
Its leaves may sear and fall,
And Winter throw, so cold and grim,
Its mantle over all,
But like a victor that must sleep
To gain a peaceful breath,
In Spring Life wakes from Nature's deep
And says, "There is no death."

Fierce storms may come and devastate
Man's work, and even man,
And flood and flame make desolate
The plain, and yet Life's plan
Again will raise o'er ash and earth
Another beauteous heath;
Another man and works have birth
And shout—"There is no death!"

The earth may quake, the mountains burst
And sink to rise no more;
Another, greater than the first
Will rise 'mid ocean's roar
To tell of evolution's law,

To tell what Nature saith
 In vibrant Life, without a flaw;
 "O, Man, There is no death"

I TREAD, I TREAD, I TREAD.

How oft have I crawled from my restful bed
 Reluctant, and tired of the toil and tread
 Of the rocky road behind and ahead,
 And envied the peace and rest of the dead.

But I tread, I tread, I tread,
 And envy the peace of the dead.

Sometimes I get cross at the grey peep of dawn,
 At thoughts of the day, with its grind coming on,
 And wish that the night, and the rest that is gone,
 Had been a last pause for the breath that was drawn.

But I tread, I tread, I tread,
 And envy the peace of the dead.

I hear the old clock as it strikes off the time,
 Like the voice of a foe from a bleak, frozen clime,
 And I wish 'twas the toll of my funeral chime,
 Or the stalking of Death, that friend so sublime.

But I tread, I tread, I tread,
 And envy the peace of the dead.

I hear the sweet chirp of a bird on the sill,
 The tap on the roof of a woodpecker's bill,
 And I bid myself rise and work with a will,
 As others are doing in the old treadmill.

But I tread, I tread, I tread,
 And envy the peace of the dead.

'Tis either a grind, a tread or a rust,
 'Tis either a fight or be ground in the dust,
 Then labor and fight and suffer I must,
 To grind out the bread and get but the crust.

So I tread, I tread, I tread,
 And envy the peace of the dead.

Each planet must grind in its own special place;
 Each sun must throw rays from its own brilliant face;

Each woman and man in the whole human race,
Must grind and must tread in the past ages' trace.

So I tread, I tread, I tread,
And envy the peace of the dead.

INVOCATION—TO THE “ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.”

Almighty Dollar! Governor, Benefactor, Friend;
All our invocations to Thee we hereby extend,
And ask Thy presence in every quarter of the land;
Rule us with Thine ever loving and powerful hand.
Without Thee we are but a drop in the deep, deep sea,
In sickness, in jail, in church, naught without Thee, only
Thee.

We are Thy humble slaves, Thy servants, lowly, meek and
mild,
Dependent on Thee for food, for drink, and are unreconciled
Till the glory of Thy brightness we behold, then we know
No harm can come to our bodies or souls from high nor
low.
And in Thine all-potent power, that makes the lawless
men
And women laws obey, we praise Thee, Lord, again—
again.

Surrounded by all tempters, delusive signboards and
snares
Of selfish corporations and of multimillionaires,
We feel that we are in the midst of Thy chosen few,
Under the bright light of Thine all-seeing eye, born anew;
Therefore we raise our voice to Thee in gracious thankfulness,
That out of Life's eternal fountain Thou hast come to
bless.

Thou art above all juries and judges esteemed most high;
In every teardrop, every smile, in every sigh,
In every place, every bank, in every spire,
In every church-house, every school; Thou dost not tire

Of the poor man's prayers for more of Thee in his own
purse,
Nor at the rich man's pull at Thy golden universe.

Thou art the handmaid of religion, and polluter, too;
Dost make heavens and hells, and give the rich the poor
man's due;

Dost raise "blind pigs" and drunkards; gamblers, large
and small, to fleece

The weary, wandering honest man of wealth and peace;
Dost throw bewitching smiles before unwary, idle youth,
And art the idol, aye, the God of all the world, in truth.

Thou art upon every tongue, in every mind also;
The object and aim of every human here below;
The ambition and motive, power, and passion of man;
Destroyer of virtue, yet under virtue's potent plan;
Within the good, within the bad, Thou art the God of all;
Before Thee all must rise and stand, or at Thy feet must
bow and fall.

There's a white horse—you may be near it—
Whose name is Death—but never fear it—
 That is gentle, kind and true;
Whose tread is firm—you may not cheer it—
With silent breath;—you will not hear it—
 Who will sometime come for you.

To-day the cloud of despair may be black,
 But what is the use of whining?
The beautiful glow of the sun just back
 Produces a silver lining.

Since the Christians have discovered
 That no infants are in Hell,
Every nose has been uncovered,
 Every tongue now seeks to tell
 How good the God is.

In the past, when superstition held man and mind in sway,
By sword and torch-forced contrition, the rulers had their
day.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL IN HEAVEN.

Poetical Depiction of the Colonel's Labors in Spirit Life,
From a Spiritualistic Viewpoint.

"A good deed is the best prayer; a loving life is the best religion." —Ingersoll.



As I sit in the twilight dreaming of
life's many, many woes,
To that dear old soul, St. Peter, all
my tender feeling goes.
He has had his share of trouble in
our modern Christian days,
In deciding and consigning those of
good and wicked ways,
And there is no cause for doubting
that since Ingersoll arrived
The great horde of knowing preachers
of much joy have been de-
prived.

It is well they did their roasting of
the Colonel over here;
It is well they had their pleasures
over him this side the bier,
For his eloquence and reason e'en
St. Peter cannot stand,
And his wisdom will be whispered
all about the spirit land.

Many preachers had consigned him
to the hottest place in hell,
But St. Peter cannot put him 'mong
the preachers very well,

COL. INGERSOLL And when Robert gets to talking
Is Still Teaching the and disseminating fun,
Gospel of Free Tho't Even Satan and his angels will soon
and Human Liberty. start upon the run.

* * * * *

Now I seem to see the Colonel, who was never known to
shirk,
Making gestures toward old Satan, as he warms up to his
work,
And His Majesty subsiding 'neath the Colonel's sparkling
wit,
And the heavens growing brighter as with wisdom's fires
lit.

And I wonder and conjecture as to how the Colonel fares
With the gates all closed against him just because to doubt
he dares,
And while thinking thus my visions soothed me down into
a sleep,
Till my spirit, fully conscious, passed beyond the misty
deep.

Yes, a real sleep enwrapt me and I saw within my dream,
The old Colonel and St. Peter at the gate, with eyes agleam,
Both in earnest; but St. Peter seemed wrought up in very
fear,
While the Colonel seemed illumined with a halo of good
cheer.

As I watched in deepest pleasure earth's bright scintillat-
ing star,
Old St. Peter touched a button and the gates swung wide
ajar,
But the Colonel stood there talking to his enemies below,
Till the tears they shed repentant made the heavens over-
flow.

There were preachers, deacons, sisters, who had always
hated him,
Who were loudly now applauding with appreciative vim.
In the spirit they could see him as they saw him ne'er
before,
And his language was so charming they kept begging him
for more.

While their eyes on earth were blinded by their selfishness
and greed,
He could only wound their feelings by attacking their old
creed,
But up there where all is spirit he is making Christians see

That their God was but a fiction of the ancient history.
 It was fun to hear him tell them what their old religion
 cost
 In the sacrifice of people whom they always taught were
 lost:



ST. PETER

Expostulating With the Colonel About the Throne.

"See it flashing! see it shining! see it glimmer in the sun!
 Read upon its rusting surface all the crimes that have
 been done
 In the name of your religion on the earthly plane, and
 weep
 Till a raging flood of teardrops o'er your souls is running
 deep,
 And you cannot then atone for all the misery you wrought;
 You will find your cruel actions will come back to you un-
 sought,
 And with these few clinching pointers ringing clearly as a
 bell,
 The good Colonel left his hearers standing facing their
 own hell.

"You have cut out tongues
 of victims, you have torn
 men limb from limb,
 You have slaughtered moth-
 ers, babies, and spread
 terror dark and grim,
 And now here you stand in
 darkness, still awaiting
 that great day
 When the Savior will re-
 ward you with his love
 —your fancied pay;
 And yonder in the distance
 you observe the shining
 throne
 That for ages has been
 standing in your narrow
 brains alone;
 Has been standing as a
 monument in spirit land
 to tell
 The sad stories of the vic-
 tims whom you thought
 had gone to hell.

'Twas a treat to stand and watch them, here and there a
little squad,
All discussing Robert's lecture and his picture of their
God.

I could see them nod and gesture as they stood in twilight
dim,
But they soon sank back in darkness as their hate returned
for him;
And as for the placid Colonel, he arose and left the place,
With a twinkle in his optics and a smile upon his face,
Just as if the task was pleasant, and a satisfaction still,
To pull down old Superstition and destroy the gospel mill.
* * * * *

After resting just a moment to renew his strength a bit,
He passed over to St. Peter, who invited him to sit;
Then the Colonel, brightly smiling, questioned Peter o'er
and o'er,
Of the "earthly church delusion, filled with falsehood to
the core."

There he sat and coolly plied him with the questions he
had stored,
Of the mansions and the Savior, and the saintly singing
horde:
"Is there, sir, a God? a heaven where the saints immortal
dwell?
And for all the rest a hades, an eternal burning hell?
If the God is omnipresent and omnipotent beside,
And an all-wise, loving Father, aye, all good personified,
For awhile, sir, let me see him, only for a little while;
Should I find him as they tell me, I shall give up with a
smile."

"Nay, I cannot," says St. Peter, in a sort of undertone,
"None but Jesus, Lord and Master, can approach the Father's throne."
"Then the Master," said the Colonel, "kindly summon to
appear,
For if God exists I'll know it; I must gain His holy ear."

At the boldness of the Colonel, old St. Peter looked
aggrieved,

For he knew that he had found one whom the church had
not deceived,
He began to show a weakness that soon reached the Colo-
nel's eye,
And he knew at once St. Peter was mixed up in that old
lie.



MOSES,

And the Preachers Whose Small Intellects Make Them Still Obe-
dient to the Old Commandments. Someone else to come and help him place;
But the spectre soon impressed him with a gesture and a nod,
That around the ancient palace, now, he need not hunt for God;
And he "need not hunt for preachers, as each has his pri-
vate cell,
Where he stays in constant terror of the man who upset hell";
"But I'll take you to a region," spake the spectre, "where.
'tis said

It was then the Colonel started to explore the ancient shack,
That with age and wear had crumbled to a shell all grim and black,
When a form loomed up before him like the ghost of some old saint,
But the Colonel did not tremble or fall down in death-like faint.
With a twinkle of good humor and a smile both rich and bland,
He just walked up to his ghostship and reached out a friendly hand,

There was once a great Jehovah with a crown upon his head;
Where the preachers from your planet used to gather,
sing and pray
For the promise in the Bible for the 'good on judgment day.' "

Then he led him to an altar that seemed built of solid gold,
But the place was dark and gloomy and threw up a scent
of mould.

"Here," began the guiding spectre, "is supposed to be the throne

Where the great and good Jehovah sat for ages all alone,
Till Confucius and your Jesus and some others I could
name

From upon your little planet, as the people's Saviors came,
And began to hold their meetings in contention for a place,
And their wrangle and their jangle so disturbed His
Mighty Grace,

That He called them all together in a 'Council of the Right,'

And they wrangled and they jangled till they broke up
Heaven, quite.

Now, sir, this is all the story; as I got it so I tell;
But they say down on your planet, it was you extinguished
hell,

And they fear you and your reason, hence your presence
do not hail,

Lest you turn the little heaven of their souls into a jail."

It was thus the guide recited all he knew of history,
All he knew of Heaven's people and the God that used to be.
All the while the Colonel listened with that twinkle in his
eye;

He had heard upon this planet oft the same old musty lie,
And he knew that old St. Peter, all the ages past had
known

Of this scheme to catch the people and control the "great
white throne."

He discovered in this Heaven, to his sorrow and disgust,
That St. Peter was a holder of much stock in Christian
trust;

He discovered that a corner had been gained by old St.
Paul,

And the "big ones" had just driven all the "small ones" to the wall;

He discovered that the Savior was no higher than Tom Paine,

And Jehovah there no nearer than upon the earthly plane.

He was glad to meet St. Peter as he sat there at the gate,

For it livened up his journey in that great immortal state.

But he found no place in Heaven where he thought he'd care to stay,

For the place was small and dismal and was sadly in decay.

It was builded to the notion of the minds so long ago

That the modern man, developed, would find rooms too small and low.



ST. PAUL

Exhorting His Disciples Against the Eloquent Agnostic and His "Pernicious, Noxious Doctrine." "It is changed," St. Peter told him, "till the place seems new and strange,"

But his saintship seemed enjoying all the features of the change,

And though old he had adopted all the fads of modern thought,

Just to hold down his position that the younger saints had sought.

Bob was shown the great Elijah, who resembles Dowie some,

And was told how he "to Heaven in a chariot had come."

He was shown the dear old Moses, and old David and his folks,

And old Jonah and old Daniel, who had figured in the hoax.

He was shown the face of Noah and of Adam and of Eve,
And he wondered such a woman, plump and pretty, could
deceive.

He was shown the massive fog-horn that old Gabriel will
blow,
And the Colonel spoke of leaving, but they wouldn't let
him go.

In my dream the Colonel told me all the sights he had been
shown,
And he said he thought the spirit of progression there had
grown,
Till the only hell and heaven that the spirit there could
find,
Were conditions each one brought there in the consciousness
of mind,
That Jehovah means the center of all power and all life,
And the Devil means the center of all error, pain and
strife.

* * * * *

No one knows what is beyond us; no one knows what lies
in wait;
No one knows from the beginning what will be his coming
fate;
When we close our eyelids mortal in our soul we catch a
gleam
Of a bright and shining portal and we linger in that dream.

On this side it seems but justice for the good to stand
above
And apart from all the vicious if they build their homes
with love,
And all know the brainy Colonel towered far above his
foes,
For he always met them kindly when in anger they arose.
It was not the men he battled, but their binding, blinding
creed;
It was not the persons hated, but old superstition's seed.

* * * * *

In my soul I see him fighting, leading on across the way,
At the head of hosts of people in the light of modern day;
Hear him talking to immortals who in darkness have been
lost,

Or upon the sea of trouble in a shipwrecked boat were
tossed;
Hear his words of wisdom falling like the dewdrops on
each head,
Like the morning sunlight beaming o'er the verdure al-
most dead.

His great soul, so full of splendor and from earthly labors
free,
Still is weaving words of power for eternal liberty,
And his high and tender spirit with his true, unselfish love,
Soon will lift the veil of darkness from those foggy eyes
above.

* * * * *

As I wake from slumber visions I can see the Colonel still,
And he seems pursuing preachers with the same deter-
mined will,
With the object still before him to make superstition flee
E'en from Heaven, if infected, and to make all people free.

THAT MOTHER-'N-LAW.

There's a person meanly rated who is oft without a
flaw,
And that's no other being than the average mother'n-
law.
Oft the papers madly roast her when they try to be
real smart,
But they cannot altogether know the fullness of her
heart.

When a husband goes to dinner, if a husband good
and true,
He expects his wife to meet him in a manner that is
due,
But he oft lets passion rule him as he fills his empty
craw,
And skulks off to some gay club-house to escape his
mother'n-law.

He can joke his wife and tease her, he can take her
witty flings;
He can give and take with kindness many kindly cut-
ting things,
But his feeling rises madly to the level of his jaw,
At a cut from her old mother, for she's his mother'n-
law.

He forgets 'twas she who gave him that "dear treas-
ure of his life";
He forgets that she's the mother of his tender loving
wife;
He forgets that his own coldness makes the bonds the
tighter draw;
He forgets that his own mother is his wife's own
mother'n-law.

Man may win a girl's affection and by law make her
his own,
But the law of love and duty are the mother's law
alone.
Men oft leave their wives for trifles, some imaginary
flaw,
Then lay all domestic troubles to "an awful mother'n-
law."

But the angels are not truer in their watchfulness and
care,
Than a mother to her children; she will all man's
curses dare.
Ah! the child that once she fondled lies forever near
her heart,
And no man by club-house tactics e'er will pull the tie
apart.

There may be times when she is wrong, but oftener
she is right,
And the man who calls her "terror," better search
for inner light,
For the chances are, within himself there is the awful
flaw,
That he'd point to as a mountain—within his moth-
er'n-law.

THOSE DEAR OLD SONGS.

Oh, how oft we hear those voices
That we heard in days of yore,
While each pulsing heart rejoices,
And each spirit smiles once more,
As we hear those same tones ringing
That we heard in bygone days,
And the same sweet voices singing
All those richest old-time lays:
Way down upon the Suanee Riber,
Far, far away
Dar's wha' my heart is turning eber;
Dar's wha' de ole folks stay.
All up an' down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de ole plantation,
An' for de ole folks at home.
All de worl' am sad an' dreary,
Every wha' I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

As we hear the echoes dying,
And our souls seem dying too,
Like the gentle zephyrs sighing,
Other voices start anew,
And with force each voice is ringing
Loudly, then with soft refrain,
We can hear those voices singing,
Bringing back old times again:
Years have come and passed away,
Golden locks have turned to gray;
Golden ringlets once so fair,
Time has changed to silvery hair.
I am nearing the river side,
Soon I'll be upon the tide;
Soon my boat with noiseless oar
Safe will pass to yon bright shore.
Bring my harp to me again,
Let me hear its gentle strain;
Let me touch those chords once more
Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

And ere the sweet refrain is ended,
 Once again the strains arise,
 With those voices interblended,
 Floating upward toward the skies.
 'Tis those same sweet voices ringing,
 Smoothly on, without a trill;
 Those gentle, old-time voices ringing,
 Echoing down the ages still:

Nearer, My God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, My God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

Then, as if all Nature's being
 Was uprising from the tomb,
 And the Soul of Life was fleeing
 From its prison-wall of doom,
 Sweetly rises from the ashes
 Of the past religious throng,
 A new light that bursts and flashes;
 'Tis this dear enthusing song:

Work, for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid the springing flowers;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Then again with cheerful query,
 We arise from toils of earth,
 While the day seems dark and dreary,
 And receive another birth;
 As the stars from skies o'erclouded
 Peep and brush the clouds along,
 Human souls, though long enshrouded,
 Echo back this sweet old song:
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?

Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

Higher, higher rise the voices,
As if gladdened by the view;
While each human soul rejoices
O'er a look beyond the blue,
And the gates of Heaven, creaking
On their hinges, open wide
To the souls who light are seeking,
Just across the Great Divide:
There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Oh, how grand will be the meeting,
In that spiritual clime,
With each kindred soul there greeting,
Loving with a love sublime,
While the very spheres are ringing,
With the dear old songs of yore,
And each risen soul is singing
With the dear old friends once more.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Rejoice and be glad! We have found our spirit home,

And no more in earthly byways must our weary spirit
roam!

Sound the praises! tell the story
Of the tapping on the wall,
When the brilliant light of glory
Shed its radiance over all.

RING OUT, YE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, ye merry tinkle of ye bells on Christmas day!
Let all of earth be joyous in their own peculiar way!
Let all the Christian soldiers lay down their arms and
pray,
For Jesus came to conquer, but came not to curse and slay.
Lay down the dimes and dollars, for the poor, the sick and
sore;
Their shelter and provision, and give food from their own
store;
Go hunt the haunts of squalor that exist so near their
door;
Relieve some fallen victim of their superstitious lore.
Ring out, ye bells of Christmas! let them mock the souls
so low
In selfishness their money is the only god they know.
Remind them that their Savior is not greed and pulpit
blow,
But a love that makes the dollars the best and farthest go.
Remind them there are others not so fortunate as they,
And the law that made them prosper is the law that takes
away.
Remind them that true justice is a hand they cannot sway,
And the deeds of good and evil will return another day.

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is Death? Sometime a much sought boon,
A change that cannot come too soon,
A sort of sleep that comes to save
The torture of a weary mortal slave.

What is Death? Sometimes a great relief
From woe and pain and deepest grief,
A welcome friend with touch sublime,
On mercy mission sent by time.

What is Death? Sometimes a tidal wave
That carries pure and wicked to the grave,
A terror to the world yet blind,
A visitor to all mankind.

What is Death? Sometimes a sad, sad change
In the household, a sort of strange
Tearing away of best loved kin
From our vision, when Death comes in.

What is Death? Sometimes a quiet release
From bonds of earth to heights of poace,
And yet 'tis woe the darkest kind
To those whom Death has left behind.

BEAUTIFUL LIFE—ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Through all the years since '48: the voice of Life has said,
"There is no death; the friends of old and kindred are not
dead."

When all the world was down in gloom Life rapped upon
the door
And said to man: "There is no death; the spirit passes
o'er."

Around the grave where man supposed his loved ones
sleeping lay,
Life lingered until '48, and rolled the stone away.

Then forth from parts before unknown a voice immortal
spoke
That raised the soul of man above old Superstition's yoke.

Truth illumined the human soul, the scale fell from the
eye,
And all the world in sweet relief gave vent to one grand
sigh.

When Life appeared above the grave and in the darkness
spoke,
Old Death passed on and out of sight, and sleeping souls
awoke.

The old dead grass and drooping heads of flowers 'round
the tomb

All heard the voice of Life, and sprang to meet her and to bloom.

The Earth for ages closely wrapped within Death's gloomy shroud,

Arose to meet Eternal Life and shout its joys aloud.

The stars seem brighter then they were, the moon has brighter hue

Since Life appeared, eclipsing Death, and saying: "They live too."

The dust and must of ages were cleaned up with one pure breath

Of Life, and all the earth seemed glad to know there was no Death.

"We live! We live! We cannot die!" arisen spirits cry,

"We change from sphere to sphere, and grow, but never, never die."

O Life! Beautiful Life! in Thee we find our heaven here;
In Death we find the golden gateway to a higher sphere.

EXPERIENCE.

There stands an old mill where all humankind
Must turn the great wheels their own grist to grind—
'Round and around.

For ages and ages this old mill has stood
And ground all together, the bad and the good—
'Round and around.

It never is idle so long as exists
A man or a woman who furnishes grists;
Each one his own miller, each one his own pow'r,
He grinds for himself the good or bad flour—
'Round and around.

Each one must pass through this ubiquitous mill
Who passes this way, let him squirm as he will—
'Round and around.

Each one must do grinding to gain and to grow,
Each one must do turning to make the mill go—
'Round and around.

All walk in the treadwheel that moves the great cogs
Of life in its fullness, and watch for the clogs.
No one can escape it; each mortal must learn,
No matter how feeble, to give it a turn—
'Round and around.

It is grind in the morning and noontime of life,
At nightfall when resting should man be from strife—
'Round and around.

From girlhood to mother and age is the plan—
From birth into childhood, from youth to the man—
'Round and around.

'Tis constantly grinding on some one each day,
And at nighttime, and ever 'tis turning away.
All worlds keep revolving and changing, and still
All life is evolving through this busy mill—
'Round and around.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Now, Julius Caesar is a cat—not like the common kind—
Because it is so cleanly and so very good to mind;
Always minds its own affairs and never runs at night,
Nor climbs the garden fences with other cats to fight;
Nor climbs upon the dinner table, never mews nor whines.
Nor capers 'round the household in other monkey shines.

It don't annoy the neighbors by calling out their cat
To tell its love by moonlight, and naughty things like that;
Nor yawls upon the kitchen roof and curves its bristly back,
A target for the cuss-words, the brush and old boot-jack.
It never joined a chorus, nor a trio nor duet,
To serenade a darling all wooing fails to get.

It never scratched the varnish all off the parlor door,
Nor scratched the baby's fingers till every one was sore;

It asks no one for favors, is quiet and so good;
 It wouldn't if it could be, it couldnt if it would
 Be otherwise than decent; 'tis neither he nor she;
 'Tis only Julius Caesar—a stuffed cat—do you see?

* * * * *

Mankind is like the pussy: While living, night and day,
 Are always seeking something their appetites to stay;
 They never are contented, are always getting bluffed;
 It will never be prevented till all their hides are stuffed.

FORTUNE AND FATE.

Oh, why should Dame Fortune be partial to one
 And cruelly severe to another?

Oh, why is the labor of Fate never done
 Oppressing the lucky man's brother?

Men's motives and feelings may be just the same—
 Each struggling along the same road;
 One rises to fortune, distinction and fame,
 The other breaks down 'neath a load.

One has but to reach out his hand for the gold
 That rolls in at every turn;
 The other must struggle to even get hold
 Of each shining piece he may earn.

Each may be sober, industrious and bright,
 And each one be polished, withal,
 And yet old Dame Fortune and Fate, e'er in sight
 Lift one and the other let fall.

If life were but measured by man's mortal span---
 The future depended on gold,
 Then Life would be partial in working and plan,
 And Justice left out in the cold.

Since past religion's fleeting days
 Have carried hell from view,
 The sun seems throwing brighter rays
 Out from the ether blue.

A SCANDALMONGER AT THE GATE.

**A Vivid Picture of St. Peter's Interview and Disposal of
This Gaunt and Uncomely Personage.**

An angular figure approached the great gate,
While the business seemed to be dull.
To enter, of course, and learn of its fate,
While Peter was having a lull.

The gate was ajar, but guarded the while,
And the figure bowed down very low;
St. Peter arose from his chair with a smile
That was cold as the beautiful snow.

He stiffly saluted; the figure arose
With its eyes like unto red fire,
And Peter divined the depth of the woes
Of this gaunt ghost of a liar.

“Sit down and be quiet,” he said in a tone
That only a judge can command,
And then he concluded to place it alone
In the silence somewhere in the land.

The figure, a-quiver, sat down in a heap,
And Peter called up a small page,
A dapper young spirit, who put it to sleep
And summoned an ancient-like sage.

A council was held then in heaven to know
The proper disposal to make
Of this patron so feeble, who needed to grow,
And all its earth-error forsake.

Says Peter, “I know that this being just fell
From mere force of habit on earth,
From pointing its neighbors to heaven and hell,
And giving to new libels birth.

“That face is an index to all down within,
The walk and the eye tell the tale;
The nose and the mouth and the up-turning chin,
That seldom, if ever, can fail.”

Just then the gaunt figure came forth from its cell,
With a grin on its angular face,
Like a demon of venom just coming from hell
To imperil the whole human race.

"Now, Peter, you know that the earth folks are bad,"
It said, in a shrill, squeaky tone,
"And in this great heaven you all should be glad
To have folks's records well known.

"My neighbors were horrid, immoral and false
Until I got after them right;
I tell you what, Peter, I made them all waltz,
And some of them wanted to fight."

Another broad grin of conceited delight,
And the figure reached out for the latch,
But Peter, divining its penchant for fight,
Concluded to give it a match.

He made a few passes above the gaunt form,
And the head was that of a snake;
He then placed it in temperature warm.
Quite close to a fiery lake.

He said, with a frown, that "the spirit's own sphere
Is builded by thoughts and by deeds,
And by the various environments here,
Oft made by those musty old creeds.

He stroked his long beard while watching with pride
This being conceitedly wise,
Who slandered and libelled upon the earth side,
Now assuming its true form and size.

"Each being," said Peter, "constructs its own sphere.
From monad up unto man;
And thus we receive it and treat it up here;
'Tis Nature's immutable plan.

"The angel of goodness, of wisdom and right
Must merit advancement, and win
By growth its own progress and all its own light.
Ere Nature will let it pass in.

"The chronic fault-finder, the liar and sneak;
The grafted, the greedy old grouch

Come hither quite often in white robes to seek
A soft downy bed or a couch.

"So pious and saintly sometimes they appear,
In the guise of the good and the true,
And plead for admission to heaven's high sphere;
They only are given their due.

"This angular being on earth was a snake,
With tongue full of venom and ire,
And Justice compels it that venom to take,
And drink to its own soul's desire."

St. Peter related a few potent things
(He noted my newspaper eye),
That people in earth-life should do to sprout wings,
For a beautiful homeward fly.

"Be kind to all creatures; be just and be true;
Be generous unto the poor;
Send out love vibrations, the world to imbue,
And of heaven you may be quite sure."

He said that the "creature that I had just seen
Was one of the many on earth
Who tattled and slandered and acted so mean
It lost all its spiritual worth.

"It is oft sad to see them appearing as saints,
And sanctified preachers and priests,
And bringing to heaven just all sorts of taints
Of vermin and reptiles and beasts.

"We now are constructing a dungeon for those
Who to greed and deception are slaves,
And who, as the loved ones passed over, oft pose,
Obtaining the names from the graves.

"Twas first thought to burn these vile creatures awhile
And melt all their meanness away,
But burning with sulphur has gone out of style,
And hell for reform had its day.

"A dungeon of silence and darkness in time
Will all the right purposes serve,
To cure these defamers of this blackest crime,
And give just the hell they deserve."

St. Peter, arising, then waved me adieu,
 And closed the big gate with a slam,
 And left me my journey alone to pursue,
 Reflecting upon this great sham.

What Peter had told me and what I there saw
 I pondered upon for a time,
 But found it was only the justice of law
 In spirit, in dealing with crime.

* * * * * * *

If man in his nature is snake-like and low,
 Or brutal and cruel all through,
 He must in all reason, until he can grow,
 Remain to his tendencies true.



THEY ARE MY ANGELS, ALL.

How I love the pretty babies, love their crying and their coo,
 And they always look up at me as if saying, "I love you."
 Yes, I love them; they are precious ere they walk or ere they crawl,
 With their fistings and their kicking, and they are my angels, all.

There are many who grow nervous when they hear a baby cry;
 They forget that they were babies in the happy days gone by.
 It unfolds the vocal organs, to occasionally squall;
 It is music to my spirit, and they are my angels, all.

How I love to sit and watch them when they first begin to see,
 And to notice their surroundings, when they first look up at me.
 I can sense the little spirits ere they come at Nature's call,
 In the love-land of the fairies, and they are my angels, all.



We look upon the universe with mortal clouded eye
 And wonder that it is no worse; we wonder how and why?

TURNED HIS MOTHER OUT.

Yes, I clipped it from a paper and presume the story true,
And yet, it seems too terrible for any man to do ;
But a being, called a human, turned his mother out of home ;
Turned the mother who had raised him, out into the world to roam.
She who bore him, she who loved him, she who gave him of her own,
Now must struggle through the journey of a dark life all alone.
Shall we pity such a being, who is also growing old,
If some day when he is helpless, he be turned out in the cold ?
Shall we sympathize when justice overtakes a cruel man ?
Shall we sit down in deep sadness while Dame Nature works her plan ?
Or wake up and take some measure for preventing such an act,
And begin some drastic action by corrective motives backed ?
How I pity such a villain, and I'd like to beat him through,
So that I could let St. Peter know of him a thing or two.
And I'd like to be the Devil, or a stoker of the fire,
So that I could do him justice as a broiler or a fryer.
I would teach him all the tortures of a spiritual hell,
And then leave him with his conscience for a long, continued spell.
I would cook away the demon that possessed him on the earth,
When he turned out cold and hungry here the one who gave him birth.
I would put him in a dungeon, or some dark and gloomy hole,
Till the spark of manhood lighted ev'ry recess of his soul.
I would hold him as in prison, from the pleasant light of day,

Till his callous little conscience burned its virus all away.
I would hold him through the ages in the crucible of right,
Till the darkness of his spirit was excluded by the light,
Then I'd let his loving mother stand before him for awhile,
And perfect his growing spirit with her bright, forgiving smile.

THANKFUL.

I have clothes, a well-filled stomach and a pleasant place to sleep,
And my thankfulness of spirit runs proportionately deep.
There are people who are freezing, and are hungry to the core,
Who for lack of work and shelter are now sleeping out of door.
When I see the mansions gaudy, and provided with the best,
I am thankful that "good fortune" has a brother being blessed.
But I wonder that "good fortune" with so many things in store,
Gives one plenty while another starves and freezes out of door.
When I see the stately churches where the wealthy go to pray
That the "meek and lowly Jesus might their sins all wash away."
When the means might be expended for the good of mortals more,
I feel sorry for the wealthy who must plead at heaven's door.
I feel thankful there is justice in the somewhere and sometime,
And the thought uplifts my spirit with a radiance sublime,
For the Present seems so partial, with the good things in its store—
All to few men, while their brothers freeze in hunger out of door.

ABOLISH THE SLIPPER.

How well I remember my mother's old slipper,
How loudly I "hollowed," and tried then to "skip" her,
As she pulled down my pants for a spank;
How blue was I feeling, tho' pale was my face,
How hot was the spanking and red was the place;
I then thought my mother a "crank."

I love that old mother, but never forget
That hostile old slipper, I feel it there yet,
As plainly as when 'twas applied;
How mother did handle that slipper on me,
With my writhing young figure across her old knee,
Just making me wish she had died.

That mother's gone over, and I am a man,
Have raised a few children, but not on that plan,
Abolished the slipper entire;
My mother was rigid and set in her ways,
But that was the way they ruled in those days—
And followed the God in his ire.

I hold her no anger—each lick I forgive—
'Twas taught in each sermon, all right thus to live—
"To spare not the rod on the child,"
But that cruel old slipper, it haunts my view now,
It left an impression, so fadeless, somehow,
Its memory drives me most wild.

I'd gladly dismiss it and think of the way
They punish the children, the naughty, to-day,
Would gladly forgive and forget,
For the new way is better, with love to correct,
With reason to govern and gain the respect,
And never have aught to regret.

There will surely come a time some day,
Ere life's consciousness has fled,
When the tables will return our way
And earth will give up her dead;
When souls will know the better way,
When Truth and Justice will wed.

AFRAID TO DIE?

Afraid to die? Oh, no, not I.
 The crawling worm in law sublime
 Must lay his worthless body by
 And make a change to wings in time;
 'Tis Nature's way. I, too, will change
 This form and pass, as with a breath,
 To higher spheres. 'Tis not so strange,
 And when he comes I'll welcome Death.

Chorus:—Do what you will around my grave,
 Or burn my form the dust to save;
 But, oh, weep not nor mourn me there;
 Nor give for me an empty prayer,
 But say that I fought for the high
 And the good, and feared not to die.

Afraid to die? Afraid to die?
 The birds that sing from leafy bough,
 Or sail far up against the sky,
 Teach me to call this fleeting now
 A moment's or a second's time
 In this eternal whirl of things,
 And I will seek another clime
 When I can sail on spirit wings.

Chorus:—Ah, me! I do not care to live
 Forever where I cannot give
 This soul its highest liberty
 To all I am and aim to be.
 I know that some day I must go:
 When that time comes—ah, be it so.

Why should I dread to close my eyes
 In sleep and dream myself awake
 On fairer shore, where I can rise
 And from my very spirit shake
 The load that all past years held down
 The angel part, the spirit I,
 When I would rise and gain the crown
 Of right? Oh, this is not to die!

Chorus:—It is to live, to rise and be
 Whate'er is waiting there for me;

To spread my soul beyond confine,
And claim and own whate'er is mine.
I would not die before my time,
But Death to me is so sublime.

KING DOLLAR.

I'm a dollar, just a dollar, as your eyes can plainly see,
Though in silver or in paper, man has shaped and fashioned me.
A hundred cents is my true value, though I'm often squeezed below,
And from bar and store and pulpit, into banks and out I go.
Oft I'm pinched so hard my metal gives beneath the miser's thumb;
Sometimes covered with tobacco, or exchanged for beer or rum.
Sometimes stolen, sometimes taken to the courts for fees or fines;
Always loved and always wanted, always used as man inclines.
Oft I buy the souls of beings, purchase manhood, sorrow bring,
And am worshiped as divinely by the peasant as by king.
I oft buy virtue, dethrone reason, hold religion in my hand;
Have the power of upbuilding, and of ruining the land.
I fix prices on all labor, cramp the consciences of men,
Buy up justice, own and use it, and abuse it now and then.
I am King o'er all the nations, and make all men fall in line;
Incite murder, war and famine; **I am It! The World is Mine!**

ARE NOT ALL SOULS IMMORTAL?

Will the doggies howl in heaven to disturb our perfect peace?

Or will all their woes and wailings at the threshold calmly cease?

Are the animals immortal in this great eternal plan?
Will they rise up from their bodies and move on with spirit man?

Ah! Do not the same strong forces that bring forth the human child,

Bring to life also the kittens, just as pure and undefiled?

And within the puppy's body is there not a soul as true

As Dame Nature ever offered to a human coming through?

Each has modes of understanding, though not all can speak in word,

Whether fish down in the ocean, whether man or beast or bird;

Pulsing, waving, vibrant Nature that gives unto all things breath,

Vibrates onward and beyond the station called by mankind death.

All have birthrights and some purpose, and though man is crowned the king,

He can only do his duty, and like other souls take wing.

Deep down within all being lies the kindred spark of soul,

Handed up through evolution from the great Eternal Whole.

Man, in his great self-laudation, as the king upon the throne,

Tries to claim the earth and soul-land as possessed by him alone.

He forgets that all creations are results of laws divine,

And that he is but an atom kneeling at a self-made shrine.

WHEN OUR MOTHER PASSES ON.

When our mother lives among us and we see her all the while,
We forget that she must leave us and take with her that sweet smile.
We forget, while she is supple, and goes lightly to and fro,
That she soon will get so feeble that she can but slowly go;
We forget when she embraced us in our childhood days now gone,
Till we see the dumb clods cover her, then wisdom seems to dawn,
Then our heart-strings draw us closer, as we sense her closing day,
And we weep in bitter sorrow when her spirit goes away.

Titled lord and humble peasant on a level here must be
To the mothers that produced them, in our world's humanity;
For a mother, poor and humble, loves as well her humble child,
And as deeply as the mother who has gold around her piled.
And as nature has decreed it that all things shall pass away,
It is no event unlooked for that we all shall go some day,
But the world seems dark and dreary and the thoughts upon us dawn,
That we love her and shall miss her when our mother passes on.

It is then we feel the value of her counsel and her love,
When her spirit has departed for its mansion up above.
It is then we feel regretful, if a thing was left undone,
For the comfort, ease or pleasure of our dear old angel one.

It is then remorse goes gnawing through our bleeding consciousness,
It is then an obscure future blights our hope of happiness,
And the world looks gloomy to us when the thoughts upon us dawn
That we love her and we miss her, when our mother passes on.

LIFE AND LITTLE MAN.

Oh, Spotless Life! Above, below, around all things,
From loathsome worm to beauteous bird that sweetly sings;
From cactus plant along the line unto the rose;
From earth to sky thy round of growth and labor goes.

From monad unto mortal man dost thou arise
And strive as though for some rare thing, immortal prize
To gain, when thou art far above, beyond the whole;
Beyond and over ev'ry living breathing soul.

Oh. Perfect Life! The universal all in all;
O'er ev'ry planet, star, moon, sun or little ball
That flies through space in search of place to whirl and be
A world within a world through all eternity.

Eternal Life! How grand thou art, unselfish, true
And full of strength and wisdom and of blessings, too,
And yet, poor man, in his great growth of self-conceit,
Imagines oft that he is all of life complete.

But at the grave where o'er his form so still and cold,
The little stones and clods of clay are being rolled,
In soul he sees and knows how small is mortal man
In this great whirl of Life's eternal growing plan.

Man sees when he has laid away his weary frame,
That Life continues on beyond the earth the same,
And all his worry lest the world should miss him not,
Was there interred with those old bones and soon forgot.

The world moves on and children rise to take his place,
The breach is closed and soon the horde forgets his face.
The flower blooms and sweetens Spring with fragrant scent
And falls to earth and back to dust, its virtue spent.

The sun shines on and sheds no tears of sorrow there;
The moon revolves and shines with brightness just as fair,
The rains descend, the clouds pass on their busy way,
And Life remains unchecked the same each passing day.

Though man may own by purchase-right, large plots of land,
There comes a time to pass along and lose command;
There comes a time when all such gain is lost to view,
When Life transports his little soul beyond the blue.

Eternal Life! How grand thou art! unselfish, true,
And full of strength and wisdom and of blessings, too,
And yet, poor man, in his great growth of self-conceit,
Imagines oft that he is all of Life complete.

A FEW MORE YEARS.

We have but a few more years to linger
Aye, only a few more years at best,
Ere the hand of old Time points a finger
And his scythe reaps a harvest of rest.

Ah, only a few more years of worry
Will this soul have, imbedded in clay,
But somehow I don't wish to hurry
From this dear old earth homestead away.

There's only a few more years of blindness
Ere the dawning of brightness I'll see,
But this world seems so filled up with kindness
That the waiting is pleasant to me.

Only a few more years of the bitter,
Only a few more years of the sweet;
Yet the bright stars of hope are a-glitter
O'er the pathway of these weary feet.

Only a few more years of earth pleasure,
Only a few more years of its pain,
And each one must have a full measure,
Or Life shall have been lived all in vain.

Only a few more years of this being
And doing without perfect aim,
But the coming, the doing, the seeing
Are worth all the trouble and blame.

FOND MEMORIES.

(The following poem was inspired by the picture of an elderly lady resting her arm upon the top of a bureau and her head upon her arm, pulling from a drawer little stockings, dresses, etc., a very sad and tender expression on her dear old face.)

Nicely nested in this drawer lie some treasures to me dear;
Precious jewels of a happy, unforgotten, bygone year.
Little dresses, little stockings and a bonnet, all in place;
Ah! how plainly and how sweetly with each comes a little face.

As I touch these little treasures of my spirit I can see
Those dear faces of my babies, as they all return to me,
And I live the sweetest moments of my life so sadly o'er,
For my mother heart is lonely since I have my babes no more.

And this little golden ringlet calls again my baby boy,
With his dimples and his cooing, and I sense the old-time joy,

But that awful wave of sorrow, when I pressed him to me, dead,

Comes again in sobs of anguish, with this ringlet from his head;

Yet I linger near and fondle, and I ponder long and deep,
And I oft lie down to slumber and just sob myself to sleep;
Then my spirit flies to dreamland where I find my little dears,

And my precious spirit babies kiss away the burning tears.

How I love these little garments that my babies used to wear;

How my mother soul unburdens when I touch this lock of hair.

All the mem'ries seem so hidden by the veil of passing time
Till I touch these little treasures, then I feel again sublime
In the presence of my babies, once more floating on the stream

Of a life as calm and placid as a mother's sweetest dream,
And I love to press my babies to my bosom in my mind,
While my lonely heart is sobbing and my eyes with tears are blind.

There is sweetness oft in sadness, and as oft relief in tears
When a mother mourns each darling that in memory ap-
pears,
At the touching of the garments and the ringlets laid away
There is pleasure 'neath her sorrow that cold words cannot
portray,
For she knows she is the mother of their spirits evermore,
And shall meet them when she passes to their bright celes-
tial shore;
Thus her sadness and her pleasure that commingle and com-
bine
In the touching of these treasures, is a wave of the Divine.

WHEN REUNION TIMES APPEAR.

There's a love which none but mothers of this world
can ever feel;
There are heartaches most depressing that the smiles
cannot conceal,
When the loved ones, now all scattered, that once
filled her heart with cheer,
Through some great or small misfortune, cannot an-
nually appear.

Though she knows they each must labor in the chan-
nels of this life,
And that each must be a unit in this world of pain and
strife,
There's a load that falls upon her when those feast-
times linger near,
And the absent ones are hindred, when reunion times
appear.

There's a sadness with the gladness of each dear re-
union day,
To a tender, loving mother, when a child is far away,
When a place within the circle has been vacant for a
year,
And the loved one at reunion times must fail to re-
appear.

O, I hear a deep, sad sighing from a heart that would
be glad,

And I see a mother smiling from a soul that is so sad,
And I also feel like crying when I see that glistening
tear,
At the family reunion where they all cannot appear.

THAT LITTLE BABY HAND.

(Dedicated to Mammas and Grandmas.)

All the world seems filled with splendor and the sun is
brighter far,
And the heavens thrice illumined by each scintillating
star;
Aye! the very air around me seems enchantingly divine,
As I sit in twilight singing, with that baby hand in mine.

As I sit in twilight singing and my soul is lost in dream,
I live over all the pleasures and the joys once more su-
preme,
And I feel that I should never in this mortal life decline,
Could I ever and forever hold that little hand in mine.

I can sense the soul behind it and within it as one pure;
As a soul so true, untainted, I would have its strength en-
dure.

'Tis the angel in the human, and it makes my spirit shine,
To sit in twilight singing, with that little hand in mine.

I have risen to the zenith, to the highest point in life;
I have been a loving mother; I have been a faithful wife;
But the height of real being is above the human shrine,
And I sense it in the twilight, with that little hand in
mine.

All the high and holy angels love that little baby smile;
And the cuteness of unfoldment, with that cupid-like
profile,
Sheds its perfect sweetness o'er me, with a halo so benign,
As I sit in twilight singing, with that little hand in mine.



DR. T. WILKINS.

(1908.)

INVOCATION.

Independent Entity, Selfhood, Soul,
Element, Atom or Aggregated Whole,
Personality of the mythical past,
On whom all heavy burdens were cast:
We come to Thee in hopes to be
Of use in strength and sympathy—
In hopes to save some brother's fall,
And Thee to save from bearing all.

If we are parts in life with Thee,
And Thou art injured, how can we
From sharing be entirely free?
How can we expect to be
Unharmed and harm another,
When each in life to each is brother?

Thou hast oft been "pleased to take"
From earth a son, and gladly break
A mother's heart who gave him birth;
Break the joys of family hearth;
Bring floods to wash away all wealth;
Disease to injure people's health;
And oft to sinners partial be,
Or slay with like impunity
Thy "chosen ones" who chanced to get
In cyclone's path; and yet—and yet
Their voices blend in shouts of praise,
Through stormy nights and droughty days,
In hopes to catch the slightest favor
Of Thee, their God, or blessed Savior,

Immovable controlling Power,
Unascendable knowledge Tower,
Unapproachable, impenetrable Light;
Overpowering, irresistible Might;
Light, Air, Water and Heat;
Space, Material, All Complete,
Whatever name Thou wilt bear—
Toward Whom is "fired" every prayer—
Who runs the world Thyself to suit;
Who made a Satan with his "fruit,"

To tempt Thine "image," mortal man,
 And thwart Thine own quite "perfect plan—"
 We know Thy law, immutable,
 Therefore we pray just suitable:
 We pray for that which we, no doubt,
 Can get by work, and not without;
 Then, if by work and not by prayer
 Each one can get his proper share,
 Prayer's a failure—fails to work—
 Prayer would starve the men who shirk,

No life is known without its law:
 Imperfect, or without a flaw
 The sun revolves and lights each day
 The earth, despite a "Joshua;"
 The moon shines on with silvery hue;
 The earth is spread with frost and dew;
 Each planet moves in space its own;
 The clouds sail on from zone to zone;
 All things that are to-day will be
 Somewhere, somehow eternally,
 Hence, man to-day, the most distressed,
 Tomorrow may be greatest blest,
 And some day have his dues expressed.

No prayer, nor thanks, nor flattery
 Will change what is or is to be;
 Therefore, oh, Right, we here implore
 Our own just dues, and nothing more.

A man may steal and kill by law to-day,
 And go scot free to-morrow;
 But on the whole, sometime he'll get his pay
 In suff'ring and in sorrow.

The braying ass and shouting man
 Will make a perfect matching span
 But working makes them tired,
 And better far, if hitched behind,
 To back and pull: Such teams we find
 Are easiest to get mired.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

In Eighteen-Hundred and Forty-Eight—
 The evening was quiet, but not very late—
 Up out of the darkness and ignorance came
 A truth of the future that kindled a flame.



MARGARETTA FOX KANE.
 And old-time religion beginning to fall,
 Lifted her mantle and loosened her thrall.

Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap!
 came a sound on the
 wall
 That caused supersti-
 tion to crumble and
 fall;
 It knew how to count;
 it knew how to spell;
 It knew the true mean-
 ing of heaven and
 hell.

It wasn't so much for
 children to do,
 But started the people
 to thinking anew;

The odor of brimstone that once filled the air
 Was changed to a fragrance far sweeter, more rare;
 The great gulf of darkness between the two spheres
 Just melted to nothing and ended our fears.

The bell that once sounded the signal of doom,
 And filled human spirits with heaviest gloom,
 Sends music to soul-land announcing a birth—
 A beauteous transition; ascending from earth.

The graves that once covered our kindred from view,
 Have opened and loved ones are peeping back through,
 And hearts bowed in sorrow around the cold bier
 Are cheered with the knowledge the dead are still near.

The pictures from pulpits are brighter by far—
With angels awaiting and gates wide ajar;
All heaven is beaming with gladness and cheer,
And few now of Satan have any great fear.

That great lake of brimstone, the demons of hell,
Have gone from religion; just leaving the smell;
All infant-damnation—the curse of mankind—
Has passed to an ending away from the mind.



LEAH FOX UNDERHILL.

A great evolution has swept o'er this sphere,
That has anchored forever the two worlds a-near.

No time nor no power can stay this great move;
Its light of the spirit the future must prove,
And all human beings some day will uphold
The Cause that those babies once helped to unfold.

* * * * * * * * *
'Tis now a truth in science, and in that we place reliance
For solution of the problems of the earth;
We search the briny deep, and the starry heavens sweep
To catch each tiny planet at its birth.

We span the earth with steel and we place it all on wheel;
From the clouds we take our brightest lighting power;
We send our thoughts by wire, and never, never tire
Of improving and advancing every hour.

Dependence on Saviors is laid on the shelf,
And each living spirit depends on itself.
The God of one being is God over all,
And nothing can ever from that God-head fall.

In fact, since those children have opened the door,
And given earth access to that other shore,

We found a life immortal; we found the shining portal,
And the doorway to the great eternal land.
Our science has discovered that spirits always hovered,
Though unseen, around the earth on every hand.

Our science has come blessing a life that was distressing,
With a never-ceasing fear—the wrath of God—
A fear that we'd be jammed into hades and be damned;
Our science gives the fear a killing prod.

It tells us God is spirit, and the people need not fear it,
As all things are parts in person of the whole;
It robs us of the stinging that death was always bringing,
And gives eternal progress to the soul.



KATIE FOX JENCKEN.

It gives the sobbing
mother the hope that
not another
Religion ever gave a
mourning one
It says: instead of burn-
ing — that her child
will be returning—
Instead of gloom and
sorrow — light and
sun.

It fills the clouds above
us with the ones who
used to love us,
And have passed beyond
the prison-house of
clay;

'Tis science that imbues us with a spirit that will use us
To bring upon the earth a brighter day.

Then let us hail the power that will make the monarch
cower
And cause the earth to tremble—pole to pole;
Oh, let us sound the praises to the Spirit-world for phases
For returning to the earth the living soul.

Oh, let us band together, beyond the limit-tether
That so closely links the two great worlds in one;

Let us ever mind the tapping of the spirits that come rapping
To tell us a new era has begun.

'Tis an era of devotion, and will set the world in motion,
And will shatter false religions of the earth;
All hail, those little martyrs—those reformation starters,
Who have given our philosophy its birth.

They have brought to science clear new wisdom from the sphere
Where wisdom is eternally unrolled;
Oh, let us mingle cheers for those plucky pioneers,
Who first started our religion to unfold.

Let us pull and push together through mild and stormy weather,
To make our lives most useful, good and true;
Let us all united stand, ever working hand in hand
In love the world will e'er be pleased to view.

Let us wait not till to-morrow to wipe away a sorrow,
But now be up and doing what we can
To lighten others' trouble—e'en tho' our troubles double;
To lift the load from off our fellow-man.

Be brothers and be sisters, a family good and grand;
Be noble men and women to bless this glorious land.
Let us grow from selfhood, out of sordid clay's confine;
Bloom out in Nature's garden a flower more divine.

Oh, let us make some mother or some father brightly smile,
Whose grief seems loth to smother, or to lessen for awhile.
Have we anything reforming in the ideas that we give,
We first should learn to heed them in the life we claim to live.

Does our new religion teach us of a bright immortal sphere,
And then leave as unimportant just how to live down here?
Our science now informs us that all are of one great whole
And a motive or an action that is wrong postpones the soul;

That law intended each to grow, expand, unfold and bloom,

Infused a life within each germ and gave expanding-room.
Though one by one the veterans pass beyond the mystic wall—

Teachers, workers, leave the earth—the cause can never fall.

Those grand old men, and women, too, those hardy pioneers,

Who worked so long with us on earth, still aid us with their cheers;

Their forms are gone back to the clay; we miss them at our side;

But as their silent voices cheer, we know they have not died.

We know the Cause they so much loved is right, and they are still

Our leaders in the battle there, and fighting with a will.
Most glorious Cause! All hail to thee, upon this natal day!

All hail to each old veteran now triumphant o'er the clay!

* * * * *

Well, this is the story and truth, very brief,
How three little girlies gave spirit relief,
To a race groping blindly along a dark way,
And gave to man's reason the light of new day.
It gave to religion its own solid base;
It gave unto science a lift to its place;
It gave to all living creatures a right
To existence eternal—to spirit new light.

MOTHER NATURE.

We see thee, Mother Nature, in the rippling of the brook;

We see thee in the woodland as in an open book.

We hear thy gentle footsteps in the rustling of the leaves,
And we hear thee sweetly warble in a voice that ne'er deceives.

Thy loved embrace enkindles wherever we may roam,

Pure thoughts of thee, the matron of the universe—our home.

Nor sun, nor cloud, nor rainbow, inside of thy domain,
Can cease to be according to thy laws that ever reign.
Thy breath, the gentle zephyr, that fans the parching ray,
Is love itself, enraptured by the touch of summer day.
The green field and the meadow, the lowing cow and ox;
The lowland and the mountain, the sand and rugged rocks.

The billows and the seashore, the ships that plunge and toss;

The hurricane and thunder, the sea-weed and the moss,
All voice thy name in praises in the silence of their souls,
And chant harmonic music that down the ages rolls.

DEATH HAS LOST ITS STING.

O Death, thou dread of all the past,
Though guest of all mankind at last,
We know thy tread and stand aghast;
But fear thee not.

We have our loves, and know of thee;
We dread to leave, yet would be free
To climb the scale of eternity
Through thee, O Death!

We dread not pain, nor strife, nor woe;
We fear not toil, nor dread to go,
But would not leave our friend below
To thee, O Death!

We know no Christ, we know no creed,
Except through Nature's laws; but need
To meet a mother thou hast freed
From Earth, O Death!

The happy heart sings while the sad heart weeps;
But perfect love clings while the body sleeps.

DON'T.

Don't train your guns on Jesus and the Bible, nor on Rome,

Till you clear away the rubbish lying loose around your home,

For the world will only measure by the things they hear and see,

And will not endorse the shadow of the folks we claim to be.

Don't storm around the threshold of the church and curse the creed

Till you formulate and fashion and produce from better seed,

Something free from fraud's pollution, something that can stand the test;

Just present the very purest and the world will do the rest.

Don't paw the air in ecstasy at scandal in the church,
Till you know you are above it, and 'tis clean around your perch.

Don't criticise your brother for kowtowing to a Pope,
While you blindly follow sirens down the everlasting slope.

Don't glory in the downfall of a mortal, though a foe,
For you'll find Fate at the throttle with his freight of human woe,

And you cannot tell what moment your own trestle work may break,

And with that same brother mortal you your fatal tumble take.

Don't climb so high the mountain of your personal conceit

That you think you have the only and the safest higher seat,

Lest the zephyr of true justice softly whistles 'round the base

And removes the false foundation with a true and easy grace.

Don't burst your shell with thinking that in knowledge
you have all,
When in fact, in truth and wisdom, you have just begun
to crawl,
And forever out beyond you there is always more to
learn;
Don't forget this planet doesn't on your human axis
turn.

THANKFULNESS.

When I search my whole possessions for the things I'm
thankful for
And the things that I have gathered to my soul that I
abhor,
Still my thankfulness o'erbalances all feelings of regret,
And I know of many woes I missed that other friends
did get.

I am thankful I'm a human, not a turkey, sleek and fat,
To be killed and baked and eaten; yes I'm thankful, God,
for that;

I am thankful I have clothing, and a room, and food to
eat,

And am not obliged to ramble and to beg upon the street.

I am thankful for the kindness that the world has shown
to me;

I am thankful that the microbes and the doctors let me be;
I am thankful that the bandits and collectors pass me by;
I am thankful I am living, and am in no haste to die.

A FRIEND.

The greatest thing the world has known
Aside from mortal breath,
The greatest king upon a throne,
The truest friend is Death.

The sobs and sighs of human woe
His soothing hand doth still;
He comes with life's eternal flow
And turns the changing mill.

The pains and pangs of mortal man
Are all allayed the same;
The ox and worm are in his plan
And all should praise his name.

He strokes the peasant and the king
Alike with loving hand;
He is no tyrant; has no sting;
Just freedom sweet and grand.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

I wonder if my spirit, since my locks have grown so grey,
Is now growing more impatient with the waiting day by
day!

And I wonder if the worry and monotony of toil
Is inclining me to curdle and my kindness to spoil!

I call back those pleasant faces of my happy boyhood days,
When the whole world seemed to echo with the shouts of
boyish plays;

When the very sun seemed shining to complete the round
of joy,

And those days return to haunt me—days when I was but
a boy.

I still climb those dear old hillsides, and go swimming in
the brook;

I still play in that old meadow and the same secluded
nook;

I still "whistle up" my comrades, for a swim or game of
ball;

But somehow I get responses only in a death-like pall.

I still hear the distant rumble of the mill-wheel going
round,

As again I tread the furrow in the plowing of the ground;
I can hear the cow-bells tinkle out upon the grassy hill,
And I seem to catch faint glimpses of sweet faces round
me still.

I oft hear again the murmur of the voices in the school,
And I see myself still sitting by the teacher, on a stool;

I can hear the children reading and the "spelling down"
as then,
And the visions close my eyelids, and I AM A CHILD
AGAIN.

I am with my dear old mother, and can see the gentle
care

Now, with which she mends my trousers and prepares my
curly hair;

I can feel her gentle touches and can sense her mother
pride,

And somehow I feel her presence in the spirit at my side.

Is this seeming but a dreaming, or a part of one whole
life,

When the pleasures of our treasures overshadow all the
strife?

Is it but an empty vision or a meaningless array,
Or a mental panorama of the long-passed yesterday?

Am I dreaming, or just living over all the bygone years?
Oh, the pleasure in re-living, when the present disappears,
All the happy days of childhood in the golden long ago,
Makes my spirit lighter, better, while it lingers here be-
low.

I know not the hidden future, but the past returns to me,
And the present all too plainly and too sternly I can see,
And I somehow feel down in me that the loved ones gone
before,

Are still living and still loving, on some brighter, fairer
shore.

And at night when gentle zephyrs fan my eyelids down to
sleep,

All around me in the silence of the mighty spirit deep,
Loving faces, bright and smiling, float like sunbeams
through the air,

Then I seem to be uplifted, as if floating with them there.



Deserve success and you can command it;

If undeserving you need not expect.

Be truthful and earnest and you can demand it;

But nothing is merited by neglect.

THE BABIES DISCOVERED.

"Mamma," said Elsie, tip-toeing the while,
To look where she heard a wee noise,
While mamma, observing, and with a sweet smile,
Began to uncover two boys.

"Mamma, what was it I heard in 'e bed?
It sound 'ike a baby 'oo know;
An' once 'oo did tell me, "e angels," 'oo said,
'Would bring me a buzzer or so.' "

Just then a wee hand went up in the air,
And Elsie discovered the same.
"E angels have been here!"—then up went a prayer—
"Oh, angels, please tell me his name."

"Just baby," said mamma, "and they brought us two—
Two little boys, but no name;
And now, little Elsie, come kiss them, won't you?
And tell them you're glad that they came."

"I fank 'oo, dear angel, an' fank 'oo again,
An' hope 'oo'l make 'ere hair turl,
An' nex' ime 'oo tum, nex' time, w'y nen
'Oo bring me a sweet 'ittle dirl."

Then all of the playthings she brought to the bed
To show to those wee baby boys.
"For they are both strangers," sweet Elsie said,
"An' never saw any such toys."

She told them she loved them, was glad that they came,
And kissed them both o'er and o'er,
And asked the good angels to give each a name,
"An' tum wis a dirl des once more."

The highest niche of fame in life
Is only carved in greatest strife.
The fastest time is always made
By those upon the downward grade.

SOUL CULTURE.

As we can never grow but worthless tares and weeds
Unless we truly know we have the proper seeds
Each one should have a window to let the sunlight
through;
Each soul should have a mirror for retrospective view.
As light precludes the darkness and stays impending
gloom,
A view of one's own selfhood improves the coming bloom.
The soul that looks the brightest in the sunlight of the
day
Is oft in richness lightest—the nonproductive clay.
The butterfly of beauty evolves from homely worm;
The hull that is the coarsest oft holds the finest germ.
Then give us all the sunlight, the rain, the night, the dew,
The soil, the wisest methods, and seeds for culture true.

WHEN I EMBARK!

When I embark for Spirit-land,
When I shake off this dust
Will loving friends come near it and
Look down with deep disgust,
To think so kind a soul e'er stayed
So long within that clay,
And from eternal bliss delayed
For e'en a single day?

Or will they sit and dream all o'er
The rhymes that came from me;
Then read again and smile once more
Because my soul is free?
On earth no man can live alway;
Within this narrow place
The spirit forms and hies away,
But deeds will leave a trace.

And if I cause a tear or smile
 Of joy while I abide
Upon this plane, I thus will pile
 Up treasures high and wide
That long will linger in my wake,
 And with the tread of time
I know there will be souls to make
 Arise with every rhyme.

The hand that writes must sometime die,
 But age oftentimes renews
The bloom that in our spirits lie,
 And freedom fresh imbues
Our souls with inspiration's light;
 Ah, then, when I am free
I know my friends will take delight
 In reading lines from me.
My soul will reach and gather rhymes

 Beyond this cloudy sphere;
Will grasp the golden thoughts of climes
 Above and yet a-near;
Will touch the fount of soul and fill
 Where muses drink and bask,
And bring to earth a rippling rill
 Of rhyme—my loving task.

HAVE I LIVED BEFORE?

Have I not lived on earth before?
 I cannot say I know,
But sometimes seem to travel o'er
 A scene of long ago.

I know in spirit I live on
 In perfect consciousness,
For those dear friends who now have gone
 Return and so express.

They also tell me that they show
 Bright visions of the scenes
That are to come, that I may know
 The future—what it means.

If this be true, then why might they
 Not hypnotize my mind
To view the scenes along the way
 That they have left behind?

Why might they not by strength of will,
 Or even presence; leave
Their thoughts with me—my mind so fill
 With theirs as to deceive?

This psychic force, unconsciously,
 Oft makes the psychic feel
As others feel, see as they see,
 Sense all their woe and weal.

Then as I walk, and as I ride
 'Mid scenes quite strange to me,
I can be made by spirit guide
 His own loved scenes to see.

I do not know the reason, I
 To evolute, must come
Again to earth, be born and die,
 And still remain as dumb.

If I must pass through every phase
 Of human life before
I go to higher spheres, my days
 On earth are evermore.

As new forms come, new phases, too,
 Are cast for me to ape;
'Tis all the spirit has to do:
 Be born in every shape.

Why not go on from earth to star,
 From star to star also,
Now throwing off, now rising far
 Above, each time we go?

I have been shown beyond the tomb
 Loved faces; this I know;
But back through Nature's holy womb
 No consciousness can flow.

That I have lived I seem to feel;
 That I live now I know,
But what the future shall reveal
 My spirit does not show.

THESE AWFUL PARTINGS.

It is sad that trusting friends must sometime go apart
And rend the very life-chords of each aching, bursting
heart,
Yet, down in the silent psychic life there are those sacred
ties
Of love that hear the tread of Time and have no sad
good-byes.

The forms may part and this old earth roll in between,
and yet
When all the racking shocks are past and Nature's sun
has set,
Down in the calm, sweet silence, 'mid the angels' voices
ring
The whispering tones of love that vibrate on each tight-
ened string.

Nor time, nor death, nor space can break the vibrant
chords ingrown
In hearts enwrapt in perfect bond; they ever grasp their
own.
No day so bright, no night so dark that soul cannot find
soul
In Life's eternal ebbing, flowing, boundless fountain bowl.

No mountain peak so high that souls once linked shall
break
In climbing—lose each other's trail—when they from
woe awake.
There is no death to friendship true, though age on age
roll by
And friends pass on apart from view; aye! sweet friend-
ship cannot die.

Awake! oh, souls bowed down in woe! there is no place
for grief,
And soon in Time's embrace the busy mind will find relief.
A mother loses from her breast a babe and weeps a year,
And Time, the healer, touches her and dries the burning
tear.

THE EVER OPEN DOOR.

'Tis a pleasant contemplation,
That within we have great powers,
And an infinite foundation;—
That Eternity is ours.

'Tis a comfort to be mortal
And to know that we are more,
And that at the spirit portal
Is an ever open door.

'Tis a matter of great pleasure
Just to feel and see and know
That we sometime gain our measure
In this Life's great onward flow,
And that justice, though oft slowly,
Comes to each upon some shore,
And the rich, or poor and lowly,
Get their own and nothing more.

When the storms of life are raging
And the clouds obscure the sun,
And the elements engaging
In a battle just begun,
There is pleasure then in knowing
That the battle cannot last,
And the sunlight will be glowing
When the tempest height is past.

Though the slaps and stabs are galling
When one's soul is in the Cause,
Let us not forget our calling
And from our great labor pause;
Though a word be harsh, don't mind it,
For when said 'tis on the wing,
And the motive that's behind it
May not have so sharp a sting.

When the world is dark and dreary
And each friend seems turned to foe,
You will find the sunlight cheery
If you let your own soul glow.
For the love within kept burning
Will ignite another soul

And brings back with its returning
All its own, refined and whole.

Out in Nature's great expansion
There is room for all to grow,
And within that mighty mansion
Take a choice of weal or woe;
Neither caste nor color holding,—
Only acts and nothing more—
Count with character here molding,
At Eternal Nature's door.

SAD, YET BEAUTIFUL.

"One day an old man stopped to talk with some children at Fulton and Morgan streets, in Chicago. After watching their play awhile he turned away and murmured: 'God bless the children.' Then he took off his coat, and, using it for a pillow, lay down on the curb in front of No. 242 Fulton street. Mrs Mary Findley, No. 1815 State street, who was visiting the place, says the old man smiled and waved his hands to the children as he lay down. A few minutes later a policeman found him dead. The body was taken to the county morgue. The man was apparently 60 years old, and appeared to have been a laborer."—Inter-Ocean.

Hopes all blasted; so all life's dream;
Afloat, stranded, braving the stream,
His home the earth, the air, the sky;
Seeking a rest, he paused to die.
No pillow for his tired head;
The curbstone his last earthly bed.
No kind and loving soul of earth
To wish him a beautiful birth.

He watched the children there at play,
And thought of the past, far away
When he, barefooted, sunburnt, ran
And played with a chattering clan;
Thought of a day when all went well;
Of his youth and ambition's swell;

All looked bright and passing fair;
The dream had changed to life's nightmare.

A toiler, tired, old and ill,
Always slave to another's will;
Calmly he laid him down to rest
In rags, surrounded by the best.
He loved the children, blessed them all,
Then answered the angel's call;
In peace he laid him down and died.
Oh, may his soul in peace abide!

Poor soul! dear soul, free from the clay!
Naught didst thou bring, naught take away.
Ah, who can do more? As each came
Each must go and leave but a name.
Thou art far richer than while here;
The rich may find the lowest sphere—
May expiate their earthly crimes
In self-made hells in spirit climes.

Farewell! a loved farewell! may be
Thy peace the rich may envy thee.
They cannot rob thee of thy rest
As once they took thy gold. 'Twere best
That Death relieved thy weary feet,
And left thee sleeping in the street,
Beneath the broad and friendly sky;
How sweet on Nature's breast to die.

Oh, blessed sleep! all praise be thine
For wafting souls across the line!

WHY SHOULD I MURMUR?

Why should I murmur and murmur and growl,
And rail at the rulings of Fate?
Why should I wrinkle my brow with a scowl
At work I must do that I hate?

Who will e'en pity or who sympathize
When troubles each has of his own;

When each his own load in life magnifies,
And hears but his own constant groan?

No one can see far beyond his own fate;
His own lot is hardest of all;
He rises too early and labors too late;
Is always just able to crawl.

If fortune comes easy—all things come his way—
He murmurs for fear he will lose;
He murmurs for fear that in no distant day,
Another his fortune will use.

He murmurs for sunlight, when cloudy and dark;
He murmurs for rain when it's dry;
He murmurs for comfort—he murmurs—but hark!
He murmurs to live and to die.

Why should I murmur? My duty I know;
My lot is the same unto me;
The grass and the trees must struggle to grow,
And struggle unmurmuringly.

Why should I murmur? The world moves along;
The wheels are revolving as free;
Birds sing as sweetly as ever they sang;
None will e'en harken to me.

I do get so weary sometimes when I hear
My murmur, and wake to the sound;
My spirit grows weary of hearing no cheer,
And fain would arise from the ground.

MY MOTHER'S SPIRIT HOME—A VISION.

As I sit in deep dream I catch a faint gleam
Of the light of a beautiful day,
And I see the bright face of my mother, and trace
Her dear tired feet o'er the way.

I follow her tread through the land of the dead
To the bright land of spirits on high;
I can scarcely keep pace with her feet in this place,
Though hopefully ever I try.

As I know not the laws, my mother must pause
 To help my weak spirit ascend;
 But a look from her eyes and I quickly arise,
 Such force can her spirit extend..

We pass through great halls and out over walls,
 And over green meadow and vale,
 All rich with perfume of flowers in bloom,
 Together in spirit we sail.

To her I oft turn with the voice of a yearn,
 And I ask for a view of the dead,
 Whom I had been told were at the threshold
 Awaiting the sound of my tread.

* * * * *

Just then, as by chance, I happened to glance
 Toward a light that seemed moving about,
 When forth from the air all blooming and fair,
 Came all my spirit kindred with a shout

So quickly they came, all shouting my name,
 I clung to my mother in fear,
 Till she called out the roll of each kindred soul,
 Who drew most lovingly near.

And, oh, how sublime that soul-greeting time,
 'Twas richer than cold words can tell,
 There under the dome of mother's soul home,
 Where all of my soul-kindred dwell.

* * * * *

Then under her care we all enter there,
 And oh, for right words to portray
 The beauty and grace of that holy place
 Where mother's dear spirit holds sway.

There hang on the wall bright pictures of all
 E'en those who paused not in their birth,
 Are grouped with the few now journeying through
 The highways and byways of earth.

Birds and sweet flowers and heavenly bowers,
 And music's sweet echoing sound
 Are parts of the home, that beautiful home,
 Where mother as Queen has been crowned.

Oh, beautiful home! Oh, heavenly home!
Sweet home where my mother is Queen.
In soul-land above, adorned with her love,
With not e'en a veil in between.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

I would rather eat my luncheon in the office 'mongst the flies

Than to dine on cake and honey 'mid the styles I so despise,

Than to eat the finest turkey where they watch me all the while,

Just to see if I am eating in the very latest style.

To eat where style must govern ev'ry mouthful of the food
Is just simply a great nuisance till the knack is understood

Oh, I like the way we used to do when our parents were on earth,

And we used to all assemble there around that welcome hearth,

My mother cooked the turkey, then, and she seasoned things just right,

For she knew within that circle there was born an appetite.

Well, we didn't use our fingers for delivery alone,
Except in case of "drum sticks" or a clean protruding bone.

Fact is, one can't get the meat so well without a little strife,

When he must dissect his turkey with the av'rage fork and knife.

I would rather eat my luncheon in the office 'mongst the flies

Than to dine on finest turkey 'mid the styles I so despise.

There's nothing seems to taste so good with people watching you,

And you feel so mighty awkward that you don't know how to do.

Yes, it spoils the nicest dinner, just to tremble all the while,
Lest you might do something awful, all askew and out of style.

Oh, give me back those days again, with mother's dear old face,
And my father's smiling visage, each within the same old place;
And the turkey and potatoes, and the jam and pumpkin pies,
Or just let me eat my luncheon in the office 'mongst the flies.

No, I cannot relish turkey with my feelings all askew
O'er the thoughts that something awful I am liable to do,
But I'll show you how to eat it if you'll leave that part to me,
And I'll thank the one who cooked it, if from form and style 'set free.

MY HOME.

How little thought I in the days gone by,
How dear to my heart would be home;
Each day was the same: a home but in name,
Till after I started to roam.

I loved the dear spring, the beauty 'twould bring,
The fragrance and songs that were sweet,
But dearer by far the same things now are,
While passing in dream-land retreat.

I bloomed with their bloom, am doomed with their doom,
And others will bloom evermore;
But never since birth has old Mother Earth
Seemed dearer or fairer before.

The dawning of peace gives constant increase
Of sweetness to me of this life,
As twilight creeps o'er this shadowy shore,
And soothes me to sleep from my strife.

I dream as I pause, and dream that the cause
Of being is calling me home,
And earth is more dear because it is here
I change from this wearisome roam.

Oh, home of my clay, I linger to-day;
To-morrow return to thy door;
A pillow of rest thy motherly breast
Shall be to my form evermore.

ALONE WITH SOUL.

I stood in the forest at midday in silence, and heard a
deep voice
That awoke me from my dreaming, to look around and
rejoice.
The angels of Nature were singing and cooing, and war-
bling their love;
The zephyrs were sighing and wooing the sunbeams there
up above.

The May-apples bowed me their pleasure, and the wood-
bine smiled at me;
The ivy just shook with convulsions as it clung to the old
elm tree;
The leaves in their myriad numbers, like fairies above in
the air,
Just fluttered and quivered their welcome, and breathed
down upon me a prayer.

The earth and the shade were inviting, the silence en-
chantingly sweet;
I stood in deep awe at the grandeur of Nature, with
charms so replete,
Entranced with a sense of a oneness with all of Divinity's
own,
Entranced with the pulsing of Nature, with SOUL in the
forest alone.

My soul in sublimity holding sweet converse with souls
of the wood,

Went out on his pinions immortal, while in the calm forest I stood,
 And I breathed unto all things a prayer with love and with pleasure o'erflown,
 While the brooklet just rippled its "Amen," with SOUL in the forest alone.

THE MOTHER WAS THERE.

A Savior was born quite a long time ago—
 Or so the old legend continues to go;
 But whether a fable or whether a fact,
 Has little to do with a certain great act:
 If babe was e'er born to breathe the earth-air—
 A Savior or sinner—the mother was there.

Though God-like or sinful and born out of fame,
 To every true mother the babe is the same.
 Once seen and once coddled, asleep on her breast,
 Her life is illumined, her soul is at rest.
 Though Christ was a Savior, when babyhood care
 Demanded attention, his mother was there.

Give Jesus due credit for miracles wrought,
 And all the "glad tidings" to earth he e'er brought;
 Aye! shout with loud voices his high, holy name,
 And give him for virtue and goodness due fame,
 But do not forget in the worship and prayer,
 That Mary, the mother, was certainly there.

Though born to be mighty or humble and low;
 Though born amid riches, or squalor and woe;
 Though born well and active, or dullard in mind;
 Though born full of love or hate for mankind,
 With her sacred office of life, sweet and fair,
 In love, pain and patience, the mother was there.

Now let us be just unto all humankind;
 Give credit to all for virtues we find;
 Be candid and honest, be noble and true,
 And help all our fellows to bear their load through;
 Help every good brother to bear his full share,
 But never forget that his mother was there.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.

Though we love the leaves and flowers, and we smile to
see them grow,

Yet we seem so cold and heedless when in death they fall
and go.

Though their sweet and pretty faces oft adorn our pre-
cious dead,

It is seldom we take notice when they fall where we must
tread.

Have not leaves and flowers feeling, and a language that
they speak,

When they smile up at the sunlight that with kisses paints
each cheek?

Do they never whisper to us in the fragrance of the soul,
That they, too, are living beings in the great Eternal
Whole?

Do their sweet and charming faces never touch the hu-
man heart,

And in death and love and marriage play a quite import-
ant part?

Do they not appeal in beauty to the highest thoughts of
mind?

Do they not deserve attention from the soul of human
kind?

Are there no green leaves in soul-land? Are there no sweet
flowers there?

Are their fragrance and their beauty gone forever into
air?

If they perish when they wither from the mortal, fall and
die,

So man's spirit with the body in the graveyard there must
lie.

If the souls of things e'er perish, then of man the same
is true,

And if man continues onward, onward go the flowers, too,
If 'tis but a change of body, when the leaves and flowers
fall,

Then their souls must rise immortal out beyond the earth-
ly wall.

From her depths of soul evolving Nature builds all living things;
 From her fount of living matter into mortal life she brings
 All existing things through spirit and through spirit back they flow,
 Thus the leaves and flowers, coming, back in spirit must all go.

THE WINNER OVER THERE.

While humanity is racing to get money foul or fair,
 While men scramble, push and hustle
 Through this life of bone and muscle,
 I oft wonder who the winner of the laurels will be over there.

Over there! over there!
 I wonder who'll be winner over there.

Some are thriving, some are starving in this world of do and dare,

Some are rising, some are falling
 With alacrity appalling,

And I wonder who the winner and the loser will be there.
 Over there! over there!

Who the winner and the loser over there.

Will it be the greedy grabber of a multimillionaire
 Or will it be true merit

The kingdom will inherit,

Then the one they call the sinner may be winner over there.

Over there! over there!

Then the sinner may be winner over there.

If the just shall be rewarded and the unjust treated fair;

If to wisdom all is trusted ,

All this strife will be adjusted

In an equitable manner in the future over there.

Over there! over there!

In an equitable manner over there.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

Mother passed to her spirit home from Bedford, Iowa, August 17, 1895, at the age of 73 years, 11 months and 12 days. She was preceded by my father by 21 years. Both were old, staunch Spiritualists, and never afraid to answer to roll-call in the philosophy. Mother passed away peacefully, and with no perceptible struggle of agony. Her mind was fully made up to go—she wished to go, and knew whither she would be taken by those who had preceded her and had been waiting her approach with loving arms outstretched to welcome her to her new home—made by her untiring mother-life and suffering, and the loving sacrifices made for her own children. She realized that they waited her coming, and she must have been delighted to depart from that worn-out old body, and with that happy family of spirit-born loved ones, and those of earthly unfoldment, take her flight out there so free and unhindered.

Peace to our mother, whose life was all given
To toiling and making for loved ones a heaven;
For loved ones who bless her, and love that dear face
The cold earth now covers—that naught can replace.
Peace to that spirit now freed from the clay;
Peace to her body—to rest laid away.
We bless her—we love her no less over there
Than here, and will treasure that old vacant chair;
Those bed-spreads and tidies, those head-rests she gave,
Will be mother's whispers—not stilled by the grave.

Lives there a man with head so hot
He hates the source from which he got
His life, his all, and who loves not?
That man is but a human blot.

The gold we find in humankind
Is never unalloyed;
But that ne'er makes the total find
Quite wholly unenjoyed.

NO COLOR LINE AROUND THE MANSION DOOR.

Some white-folks are good Christians, and some colored
folks as well,
But they each have lost their Devil and their brimstone
fiery Hell,
And no corner will be granted on religion any more,
Nor do spirits draw the color-line around the mansion
door.

The modern Christian vanity just fits the modern creed,
Where religion builds big churches with the money peo-
ple need.

They can worship God in fashion and with diamonds
covered o'er,
But they cannot draw the color-line around the mansion
door.

All the gaudiness and tinsel, all the steeples large and
high,
Cannot pave the way to heaven when a person comes to
die.

All the pomp of human beings who are selfish to the core,
Will not, cannot draw the color-line around the mansion
door.

All religions ever fostered or established on the earth,
Have been given through the beings of a meek and lowly
birth,
And no God of love can sanction, on that bright, celestial
shore,
And no Master draw the color-line around the mansion
door.

Oft in dingy, lowly hovels are more Christ-like Christians
found
Than in palaces and mansions on the earthly plane
abound,
And while all alike are favored with the things for them
in store,
They can never draw the color-line around the mansion
door.

REX, THE KNOWING SPANIEL, PRAYS.



Now, O Nature! in thy Wisdom
 thou hast made us as we are;
 Thou hast made the earth and
 sunlight and the moon and
 little star;
 So, at least man tells us, and in
 mind he ought to know,
 For he lays claim to all the
 earth and knowledge here be-
 low.
 Hast thou not, oh, Holy Master,
 near thy throne a kennel
 bright,

REX. Where we poor dogs can gather
 near thy left hand or thy right?

Just to watch and love our masters and be faithful, kind and
 true,
 And please pardon and receive them, for they know not what
 they do.
 When they beat us they were angry, and their savagery
 arose;
 Please forgive them and have mercy; kindly lighten all their
 woes,
 They will sometime, when arisen to the height where they
 can see,
 Know that wisdom, love and kindness overcome all cruelty.
 That I can but wish to follow her wherever she may roam,
 And I pray you, Holy Master, let me linger near her home.
 Let my gentle foster mother, and good master take me too,
 When they cross the shining river, or I'll swim and then
 pursue;
 For they love me in the spirit and I love them in my heart,
 And it surely would be cruel to compel us e'er to part.
 Oft she pats me and she pets me, and she calls me her "good
 boy,"
 And she fills my great big dog soul so completely full of joy,
 I was brought up on a bottle by a lady good and kind,
 And if she should go to heaven and leave me, her pet, be-
 hind,
 I do not think that heaven would a place of pleasure be,
 For my human mother darling, and no room up there for me.
 If it please Thee, blessed Master, I should like to have my
 place

In a kennel near their mansion, where I oft may see each face.

Let me romp and play and slumber in the sunlight of their souls

While the universe revolving and evolving onward rolls.

Let me lick the hand that strokes me with a fond and loving touch;

Let me be with them forever if I do not ask too much,
And I'll strive to grow up higher than the rest of my own kind;

Try to store the gems of knowledge in my active little mind.

I will promise to be faithful and as moral as I can;

I will drink no liquid poison and be soberer than man;

I will do no "profane swearing;" I will neither smoke nor chew,

If Thou wilt, O God, permit me with my master to go through.

He will vouch for me in heaven, and no trouble will I be;
Be no bother to the angels and no bother unto Thee.

I'll be true, and good, and honest, and what Christian could be more?

I will be for dear St. Peter a good watch-dog at the door.

Yes, I know that he will need me, for he must be growing old,

And he'll want my scenting power to keep wolves without the fold.

I can growl at every liar, every greedy, selfish hog,
And be of use to Peter when he needs a faithful dog.

I am glad I can be useful in this world of hum and whirr,
For I feel that I'm progressing from the level of the cur.

And I want to be recorded as a Spaniel, full and high,
Right beside my foster mother and my master when I die.

Blessed Master, take my spirit when my time comes to depart,

Though I am an humble Spaniel I am good within my heart;
Just a dog in looks and species, and in my spirit dog, but then,

I want my foster mother and my master, too. Amen!



A TOUCHING SERMON.

I can never meet a cripple when I'm out upon the street,
But I wonder: Were I crippled would this life be just as
sweet?

And the answer and the echo make me tremble on my
feet,
For the truth is so apparent that the echo must repeat.

It is such a touching sermon that no language can por-
tray,
For no tongue can ever handle and no pen can e'er dis-
play
All the sweetness of the living of a whole man day by
day,
After passing by the cripples in throngs upon the way.

No one knows till he has tried it, what it is to lose a leg,
And to be obliged to travel all through life upon a peg;
No one knows the crushed ambition of a cripple who must
beg;
No one senses other's troubles till he tastes their bitter
dreg.

But we can subdue much sorrow and allay the deeper
pain
Of the cripples by assisting with a portion of our gain.
And we know not what the morrow will be bringing in
its train,
For this life with all its changes is uncertain in the main.

A barking dog, a noisy man,
A god of wood or stone,
Will make this life more wretched than
No god at all to own.

'Tis never right to train a child
To listen and be reconciled,
But rather choose to seek the light
Of truth, and question even right.

A SWEET LITTLE BABY ASLEEP.

This world has for me perfect grandeur;

I drink from its measureless deep,

But nothing in sweetness can touch me

Like a sweet little baby asleep.

I watch it with soulful emotion,

With infinite rapture and joy;

I sense the eternal, the future,

Of a spirit still free from alloy.

I love the bald mountains, green valleys,

And rivers that windingly flow,

Now onward and downward, and ever

Outreaching for channels below.

I love the sweet fragrance of springtime,

And autumn, with tints bright and deep;

But there's nothing inspires my spirit

Like a sweet little baby asleep.

I watch the we lambkins a-gambol

Upon the green meadow in glee,

And open-mouthed birdlings aquiver

For food in the green-leaved old tree;

I watch the white piggies a-nursing,

But my soul's richest harvest I reap,

When silently, lovingly watching

A sweet little baby asleep.

Ah, who in the mortal can measure,

Unless by experience they know,

The depth of affection of fathers,

Or the mother's soul overflow?

Ah, who can perceive the great influx

And outflow of love that can keep

True fathers and mothers close watching

Their sweet little baby asleep?

The soul's deepest pleasure of earth-life,

The pleasure of angels above,

Can never outweigh or outmeasure

The strength of a true mother's love;

But the weight and the strength of the silence

Make Nature with gladness to weep,

When father and mother are watching

Their sweet little baby asleep.

THROUGH HOLIDAYS.

Have you made somebody happy who with pain and sorrow burned?

Then a portion of true happiness you certainly have earned.

If you gave as you were able of the wealth you had in store,

You but did your duty nobly; could a millionaire do more?

If your whole soul did the prompting your benevolence was backed

By your loving inner conscience and the motive in the act.

You may not have reached as many as the multimillionaire,

But if you did your utmost with the means you had to spare,

You should feel the satisfaction that the happiness you gave

Will enhance the future welfare of your soul beyond the grave.

But the gifts without the hoping for returns some future day,

Are the gifts of purest motives and unselfishness alway.

There seems something very narrow in the soul that will not give

From his plenty to the needy who around him have to live,

But no other soul can judge him from his proper point of view,

And not wear the same conditions that his brother traveled through;

So let's leave unjudged all others to their fate with Father Time,

For the future may unfold them to a beauty more sublime.

'Tis enough for us to measure all the goodness we possess
To the world we see around us seeking earthly happiness;

'Tis enough for us to succor those we know who need
our aid;
'Tis enough for us to lighten others' burdens up the
grade;
Then let's leave to those who falter just to labor as they
feel,
While we put our strongest shoulder to some helpless
brother's wheel.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

I had a dream of yesterday—of forty years ago;
Sweet dream, sweet dream of yesterday, when life was
all aglow.
A dream of real Christmas time, as Christmas used to be,
When happy childhood hung sublime upon each Christmas
tree.
I sat again within that home, that old log house of yore;
Within that home, that dear old home and was a child
once more.
I heard my mother calling "Will" to go and call the rest
From off the hill, the dear old hill, with snow upon its
crest.
I heard him call to "John" and "Bing," and then I heard
my name;
I heard each voice in answer ring upon the air the same.
I saw my sister Kate again, that old familiar smile
Upon her face that spoke so plain of love without a guile.
I saw my sister Candice, too, the eldest of us all;
That gentle soul who always knew when Santa Claus
should call.
I saw my mother making pies just as she used to when
She made the best beneath the skies;—at least I thought
so then.
I saw my father's dear old face, that twinkle in his eyes,
As he tiptoed around the place in Santa Claus' disguise.
I saw him fill each stocking full and move around the bed
As though each little nose he'd pull or stroke each little
head.

I dreamed 'twas Christmas morn again; the snow was
piled in drifts,
And we piled out in gladness then to get our Christmas
gifts.
And how our childish eyes would gleam with thoughts of
Santa's face,
And oh, how sweet to live and dream and childhood's
steps retrace.

But, oh, what disappointment came I never shall forget,
And Christmas never seemed the same; it always brought
regret,
When I was told, along in youth, the real Santa's name;
When I was told the real truth no Christmas was the
same.
I loved my parents just the same, but from that story
drew
Fantastic weal that never came when Santa Claus I knew.

From that time on until to-day, except in precious
dream,
Each Christmas passed without that gay and hopeful
hidden gleam.
Oh, give me back those blessed tales that made my child-
heart glad;
In dreams give back those sweet old tales; that dear old
Santa fad.
Oh, let me dream and dream all o'er those happy Christ-
mas days,
Of home and joys, and hearts that wore a mother's love
always.

THAT SPECTRE.

You may watch for silver lining
As the clouds pass to and fro,
But the sun is never shining
On the cradle and the hoe.

While the hoe is toiling mostly
For the cradle-rocking hand,
There's a spectre grim and ghostly
In this blessed Christian land.

There's a spectre that is haunting
Every city, every town,
Ever waiting, ever wanting
To put on a golden crown.

There's a spectre grim and bony,
Stalking o'er this commonwealth:
'Tis the old-time, ancient crony,
Never "walking for its health."

'Tis the spectre "Superstition;"
Ancient chum of "Poverty;"
Seeking victims for transition
To the realm Eternity.

He has lured from every station,
Through a promise of reward,
He inhabits every nation
Where he finds responsive chord.

Finds responsive mortals kneeling
And invoking everywhere;
To the God of wrath appealing
In a loud and lengthy prayer.

Here he pauses in the dimness
Of a poorly lighted room,
And he breathes in awful grimness,
Cruel, solemn words of doom.

And he breathes a prayer of beauty
To the god of shining gold,
And he makes his holy duty
But the herding of his fold.

There's a ghost of human squalor
Stalking 'round in deepest woe,
Making human faces paler;
'Tis the Trust, and not the hoe.

In this age of fast progression
Where the wheels of fortune go,
Stands the spectre of oppression
Near the cradle and the hoe.

SO APPALLING.

When we have to place the body of a loved one 'neath
the ground,

There is such an awful feeling comes with that low, rum-
bling sound

 Of the careless falling clay
 That is hiding them away

In the depths of Mother Nature 'neath a little earthly
mound;

 When we hear the hard clods falling
 There is something so appalling,

That we turn away and shudder at the awful, awful sound.

When we scatter seeds for growing, and we rake them
'neath the ground,

We can sense no wave of terror, and we hear no awful
sound

 Of the careless falling clay
 That is hiding them away,

For we look for future changes and production all
around;

 But we hear the hard clods falling,
 And there's something so appalling

When a loved one's form lies lifeless down beneath that
awful sound.

Just to know that there forever deeply hidden from our
view

Lies the form of some dear spirit, almost haunts us
through and through;

 Those dear lips we used to kiss
 With a sense of deepest bliss,

When we knew the heart beneath them shared the pleas-
ure and was true;

 When we hear the hard clods falling
 There is something so appalling,

Though we know the spirit risen is at home beyond the
blue.

The voice of conscience well obeyed,
Beats any precept, bible-made.

THE DEAR PROPITIOUS NOW.

Do you know what you are gaining by your work for truth and right?
Do you know what you are gaining by your valor in the fight?
Do you know what you are gaining by your ardor and your love,
And your labor for upliftment, in the justice courts above?
Do you know what you are losing by not holding to your vow
To build up the cause you love so, by your strongest efforts now?

Were the gold the wealth substantial in the future as the now,
It were better to obtain it, and no matter where or how;
But the roll of evolution and the many changes here,
Tell us plainly that such riches, at the border disappear,
And the good that folks accomplish by their thought and word and deed,
Will be wealth to them in spirit when from earth possessions freed.

Oh, how foolish seem the creatures who are loaded down with gold,
And who know the time is coming, as the form is growing old,
And they fully know the passing is a thing so sure to come,
To still cling to earthly riches, and to be in spirit dumb.
If they know the veil is falling o'er their lives on earth to-day,
They should use their means while with it lest its virtue fade away.

Build a temple, build a college, or a home for helpless ones,
Build a home for mothers, fathers, or the daughters and the sons
Who are victims of misfortune, of disease or accident,
And in conscience in the future know your money is well spent.

Do not wait in will to leave it till you make your final bow;
Would you use it for good purpose, you should use your money now.

There are ways prepared by schemers to destroy a codicil,
But they can't prevent your present use of money as you will.

There are ways and means for doing with your wealth a mighty good
For the cause you hold so highly, and the fact is understood,

That to do a thing with money without fuss or legal row,
Is to do it while you're with it, in the dear propitious now.

SOME OF OUR NEEDS.

We need friendship, we need kindness,
As along Life's path we go;
We need light to banish blindness;
We need weal to banish woe.

We need love to build up spirit,
And to brace us for the fray;
We need will to hold us near it
While we face our toil each day.

We oft need a stronger brother,
Just to lean on for awhile;
We oft need a blessed mother,
And her sweet, angelic smile.

We oft need the kick and prodding
Of a pessimistic foe,
Just to keep an active plodding
On the route that we should go.

We oft need the care and sorrow
Of the world poured in our ear,
To advance us on the morrow,
When our own woes disappear.

Aye! we need each bitter trial,
 In this world of do and dare;
 And we need to drain the vial
 Of soul-darkness and despair.

We grow larger with our action
 All unselfishly inborn,
 And must gain more satisfaction
 When of hate and envy shorn.

We grow greater or grow smaller
 As our spirit is inclined;
 We grow shorter or grow taller
 As we hold ourselves in mind.

We grow younger as we're aging,
 With the pleasant smiles we wear;
 If we kindly cease men's raging,
 We sow kindness everywhere.



OUR WORLD IS AS WE MAKE IT.

There can be but little reason for one wishing himself dead,

Unless it be within him, in the wasted life he's led.

This world is full of beauty and of Nature's own sweet yield,

And no being need go hunting for a more prolific field.

There are sunshine, rain and flowers, and sweet fragrance everywhere;

There is plenty of sweet pleasure intermingled with the care;

There are storms and raging tempests, and succeeding them the calm;

There are pains of soul and body, and for each a healing balm.

Every chord of sweetest music finds responsive vibrant tone;

Every love-thought pressing onward, seeking, sometime
finds its own;
Every fit of angry passion stirs life's calm and placid sea;
Every selfish thought and action robs the soul of sym-
pathy.

All the world is evolving, ever changing, low to high;
All unfolding, growing, rising, but can never fully die,
And a suicidal spirit only leaps across the bay,
There to find the scenes more gloomy 'till the clouds are
brushed away.

Any world or sphere of action has its darkness and its
light;
Has its pleasures and its sadness; has its growth and has
its blight.
There is no escaping loophole near the winding golden
stair;
One's whole life is as he makes it, on the earth and every-
where.

If we have but woe and sadness on this lovely earthly
plane,
To expect it on another will most surely be in vain,
'Till we light the lamp within us, and then any world will
be
From the darkness, and the evil, and the blindness ever
free.

HE CALMLY "UPS AND DIES."

Just about the time a fellow gets important in his head,
And begins to think the world without him would become
quite dead;
Just about the time a fellow thinks that he is great and
wise,
And the world must roll around him, then he calmly
"ups and dies."
Just about the time a fellow gets a home that suits him
well,
And he laughs at all his neighbors, and his head begins
to swell;

Just about the time a fellow thinks it isn't hard to rise,
And he climbs upon the ladder, then he calmly "ups and
dies."

Just about the time a fellow thinks he's past the greatest
strife,
And that he has reached the highest and the best of earth-
ly life;
Just about the time a fellow feels above the normal size,
And the world to him must kowtow, then he calmly "ups
and dies."

Just about the time a fellow thinks 'tis he that moves the
earth,
And the little folks around him have no great intrinsic
worth;
Just about the time a fellow lifts his nasal toward the
skies,
And tip-toes about his highest, then he calmly "ups and
dies."

Just about the time a fellow gets his wings and feathers
plumed
To rise above and o'er all others whom he thinks are only
"doomed;"
Just about the time a fellow thinks he's IT, he meets
surprise,
For the world can plainly read him—then he calmly "ups
and dies."

Just about the time a fellow gets inflated in his soul,
And he wouldn't trade his chances for all others for the
goal;
Just about the time a fellow thinks the mote is in his
eyes,
And the beam is in his brother's, then he calmly "ups
and dies."

The most of life is made by those
Who sit not idly down,
But plunge along through endless woes,
With smile instead of frown.

DECORATION DAY.

There is such a wave of sadness comes with Decoration Day,

When the land is bowed in sorrow o'er the soldiers passed away.

All the Nation pays them homage for the honors that they won,

In the battle for their country, when their earthly work is done.

There is such a tone of solemn and of mournful quiet when,

At the graves each year in union, this great Nation calls again,

Just to place the loving tokens of the hearts forever warm With devotion for those heroes, o'er each dear dissolving form.

Let the Nation pause to honor those who fought for freedom's sake;

Let it bow before its saviors who in soul-land must awake And be happy o'er the vision of this great Memorial Day, As they watch their friends lay flowers o'er the dumb, decaying clay.

'Tis a solemn thing to ponder o'er the loss of those we love;

Ah! that feeling of deep sorrow is so hard to rise above, But when Nature in her labors calls a spirit from the earth

It is only for advancement, for that spirit's higher birth.

As the Nation bows in sorrow o'er its dear old hero-dead, And the earth seems fairly trembling with the solemn, marching tread

Of the time-worn, whitened vet'rans who in death are thinning out,

Those old comrades up in soul-land are still loyal and devout.

Here they fought for right and justice, ere the spirit passed away,

As they saw it from the standpoint and conditions of the day,
And they linked the land together through a leaden hail and fire,
As a duty to their country, ere their spirits passed up higher.

We cover their graves with flowers and flags as tokens of love,
And fill the day with devotion and honor to those gone above,
While doubtless up there in spirit where justice and love rule the day,
They are greeting and forgiving, both the men in blue and grey.

EQUAL AT THE GRAVE.

As we near the ancient stairway that leads down into the grave,
There is need to hold our forces for the last receding wave,
But we need descend the mountains that we worked so hard to climb,
As our fathers and our mothers had to do in course of time.

We may toil, perspire and grumble, and be manly, honest, brave,
But like others who preceded, we are gliding toward the grave.
'Tis no matter how we dread it, there is something quite sublime
In the thought that all will travel o'er the same road in due time.

Men may rise to higher stations or go on through life as knaves,
And the blessed law of Nature makes them equal at their graves.

One may be a shining Christian and another steeped in crime,
And the grave will make them equal in the coming course of time.

It is only idle thinking, or opinion's useless wave,
To conceive of class distinction in a sphere beyond the grave.

We must mingle in the spirit in our own true sphere and clime,
And the classes of the masses will disintegrate in time.

There will always be the doubters and believers that will rave,

But opinions never alter the true state beyond the grave.
Just the ashes of cremation or the grave-decaying slime,
And a spirit, free and fleeing, is the doom of each in time.

As we near the ancient stairway to a dry or wat'ry grave,
Or the furnace of cremation, it is manly to be brave;
It is wise to be observing in old age or in the prime,
Whether rich or wise or handsome we must all decay in time.

DEATH AND SADNESS.

We may name it just transition, there is little in the name,

But there comes with it a shudder, for the parting is the same.

Do we love them as we see them and have seen them many years?

Do we miss them when the body at transition disappears?

Whether mother, father, sister or a brother or a friend,
Or a loving loved companion, when the earth-career must end,

There's a sadness, there's an aching, and a time of solemn thought;

There must come a wave of sadness though we look at Death as naught.

ST. PETER'S BOUNCER.

I have little aspiration for a place the world calls great,
But I'd like to be the "bouncer" for St Peter at the gate.
I don't think I could be cruel, but I could be very just,
And when some folks rapped for entrance I would show
them my disgust.

I don't think I should be blinded by the sparkle of a gem,
And permit some gilded fraud to wear the royal diadem.
I don't think I should be wheedled into taking to my fold
Any scheming mortal tyrant, by the glitter of his gold.

And I know I should not falter when a weeping mother
came
With her spirit full of sadness and her bosom all afame
With the love that knows no hindrance, and that stands
above all sin,
Though she was in rags and tatters, to just welcome her
right in.

And I know that, though St. Peter has been hardened by
the years,
And the constant strain of liars, to the flow of human
tears,
Yet he would not sit in silence while I opened that big
gate,
Lest a moment should be wasted and thus make the
mother wait.

I should like to be his "bouncer" when the scandal-mon-
ger comes,
With his load of green persimmons to present for sugar-
plums.

I would dote upon my office as a means to point the way
To the sphere of those who slandered, where the scandal-
mongers stay.

I should like to be the "bouncer" when the human hog
appears,
With his air of "full possession" he has gained in earthly
years.
I should like to lead him into the great hog-pen of that
place,

And observe the marks of anger on his piggish looking face.

I should like to be the "bouncer" when the autocrat appears,

And proceed to kindly lead him to the silent vale of tears
That his tyrant soul helped fashion by the tears of bitter grief

He has wrung from other mortals, and there let him find relief.

I should like to be the "bouncer" when a heartless wretch appears,

Who has beaten dogs and horses, or his wife and little dears;

Oh, wouldn't I remand him to a dungeon of a cell,
And just paint upon his vision all the tortures of his hell?

I should like to be his "bouncer" when the preachers troop along

With their look of perfect certainty of standing o'er the throng.

I should teach them that the heaven for all persons free from sin,

Is not now by Peter guarded, but by conscience down within.

I should like to show the egotist his smallness over there;
With his full dimensions mirrored in the Truth's bright gleaming glare,

Right beside an humble being whom he held beneath his heel,

Just to give him some sensation as to how his brothers feel.

Yes, I'd like to be the "bouncer" for St. Peter for awhile,
For I'd like to do some sorting in the very latest style.

There would be but little winter for the high fraud or the low,

And the hell they made for others would be kept for them aglow.



Good acts are but the jewels of the soul;
Bad ones are but the death-bell's dismal toll.

CREDIT TO FATHER.

No picture has more welcome place
Upon the wall than mother's face;
But there is one belongs beside,
That ever smiles with manly pride,
As if to still protect his bride;

It is the face of Father.

When weary days brought children's needs,
And boyish plays and youthful deeds;
When noble thoughts and manly aims,
And future promises and claims
Inspired for the higher fames,

There came the hope of Father.

When mother's hands were weak with toil
That marked the day with midnight oil;
When all our hungry forms were fed;
When all were snugly tucked in bed
And each one's "lay-me-down" was said,

Then all was peace for Father.

No angel face can fill the place
Of mother of the human race;
But still the fact remains the same,
No mortal children ever came
To live and be, and wear a name,
Without some kind of Father

Let mothers have all credit due
For life and love's expression true;
For smoothing down the rougher ways,
For blessed peace in childhood's days,
But give a little soulful praise
And credit unto Father.

A pompous man tyrannic rules
O'er both the wise and witless fools,
But he who rules with greatest power
But rules with love each day and hour.

CONSOLATION TO MOURNERS.

Naught e'er is lost in death—so called,
Though loved ones pass from view,
And we look on the corpse appalled,
Death only makes them new.

In death all earthly fetters fall
And spirit is set free;
Ah! this great change must come to all,
Though worm or man he be.

We look upon the form in death
And sorrow dark and deep
Seems grasping for our heart and breath,
Yet peaceful is that sleep.

The pulse is gone, the life is gone;
The life to us so dear,
The liberated soul goes on
To seek a higher sphere.

We, left behind to weep and mourn,
So lonely every day,
Try hard to look beyond that bourne
For those we laid away.

We seem to know that they are there,
For love looks back through space
And smiles and beckons us somewhere,
To meet them face to face.

Man shuts his mortal eyes in death
And gasps and all is o'er;
A sigh, and with the sighing breath
Flits to the other shore.

Lay off the old! put on the new!
Thus rise we from the low
Of earth, and pass from mortal view
To scenes we do not know.

He glides about from place to place
And meets old friends in awe;
They never look into his face,
But silently withdraw.

There hangs about the earth a screen
 Through which but few can see,
 A kind of curtain drawn between
 Earth-souls and souls set free.

Could all perceive with spirit eye,
 Disjoined from mortal clay,
 They might discern that those who die
 Are not so far away.

We find the earth a lonely spot
 When loving ones pass on;
 They may be nearer than we know;
 The soul may not be gone.

We wonder why we see no more
 A sister's smiling face;
 No doubt she wonders from that shore
 If we her form can trace.

No doubt she oft stands very near
 And looks into our eyes
 And wonders why she can't appear
 And bring a sweet surprise.

Some day, some time, we shall behold
 The loved ones free above,
 Where none grow weary, weak and old,
 And there renew our love.

SONG OF THE TURKEY.

I must strut around the barnyard while the day is bright
 and clear,
 For Thanksgiving time is coming and I soon must dis-
 appear.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble,
 I will gobble while I can,
 Though I know I'm only gobbling
 To be “gobbled” up by man.

I am stately and quite robust, and the world is at my feet,

For while praying and while thanking they all worship
turkey meat.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

I am king, though but a turkey, and I rule with greatest
might;

I control all Christian nations through the taste and
appetite.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

I have little competition, and within my swollen bust
I have something in which Christians have completely
placed their trust.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

I have such a charming bosom that this pious saintly
horde

Have now placed me on the level with their meek and
lowly Lord.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

I will stand before the altar in great thankfulness for
life

That was given me from nature for the sacred Christian
knife.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

Right before the throne I'll gobble in the spirit unafraid;
As a relic of Thanksgiving up in heaven I'll parade.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

I will strut before the Savior and will gobble in high glee
At the entrance of each Christian that once helped to
murder me.

Chorus:—I will gobble, gobble, gobble, etc.

The calmest hours are those that follow
The storm of fiercest mien;
But oft is stillest waters shallow,
And largest weakest brain.

MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR SOUL.

Make peace with your soul now, oh, man;
 Make peace with your own soul to-day;
Make peace with your foes while you can,
 For Death is swift coming your way.

Fear not, for his blessed old face
 Brings peace to the good and the true;
Brings rest to the weary—a place
 For all—all a home bright and new.

He comes in the deep dark of night;
 He comes in the bright light of day;
He comes with his old beacon light,
 To pilot man over the way.

You cannot avoid him, oh, man,
 You cannot escape his keen eye;
But fear not, for in the great plan
 'Tis only a changing to die.

'Tis only the passing from earth
 To conscious new being somewhere;
'Tis only a natural birth
 Out into a country more fair.

If you have caused sorrow or pain;
 If you have made love sad and drear,
Make peace with your soul on this plane
 And peace to that love while yet here.

Make peace with your soul and be true;
 Be kind and be gentle to all,
As Nature is kind unto you
 In having old Death make his call.

Make peace with your soul and be grand;
 Be noble, forgiving and just;
Be true to yourself and command
 Of Nature her holiest trust.

Make peace with your soul and with life;
 Make peace with the angels above;
Make peace with all labor and strife;
 For peace is the palace of love.

CARLO'S LECTURE.

Come ye hither, faithful comrades, let's discuss things for a spell,
Let us see if we're entitled to a heaven or a hell;
I have heard men speak with wisdom of a Great Eternal whole,
That surrounds and guides all beings through the channel of the soul,
But who paused to pass our species as without a soul to save,
And would give us not a future out beyond the earthly grave.

While they claim that naught created e'er is lost in Nature's law,
Yet with wisdom and assumption they the fine conclusion draw,

That a dog can have no future, just because he is a dog,
And among the beings soulless they omit the human hog;
So let's see about this future and the ones who stand above

In the traits that make all beings fit for any father's love.

We may often take to growling, we may snarl and growl and bite,

But our "wise and soulful" masters also do it—must be right.

We don't loaf around the brothels with our stomachs full of "booze,"

And we couldn't chew tobacco—couldn't smoke it should we choose.

We could never use profanity, could never tell a lie,
Hence, we have no soul immortal and no intellect so high.

We can fight and quarrel lovely, as our masters do sometime,

And we surely ought to do so, for to them it seems sublime.

We have passion, greed, affection, and can learn what we are taught;

We are faithful to our masters and can almost read their thought;

We can trace them by their footsteps often trackless on the ground,
Yet they say there is no spirit in the animal yet found.

Yet, in their evolving wisdom and their scientific search,
They have found they pass up through us ere they reach their present perch.

They could not have been a human in this “Great Eternal Whole.”

If they hadn’t evolved through our species, form and soul;

They would not have had the wisdom and the “dogged will” to do,

If they had no doggish faculties to scent out and pursue.

Now, my comrades, let’s be faithful, though we’re kicked and poorly fed,

For our masters will be angels when we dogs are dumb and dead;

Let us all be patient servants, and though suffering, not whine,

In the bright and golden sometime we may all have souls divine,

For if masters coarse and brutal, can inherit future bliss,
’Tis but just that we, too, find it in a “fairer land” than this.

Let us lick the hand that smites us, and be honest, kind and true;

If our masters find a heaven we can surely find it too.

No, we cannot build fine churches and pretend that we are pure,

But we can be true and faithful, and their “soulful kicks” endure,

For it seems to be just human and the human spirit’s way,

And we all shall once be human and have souls divine some day.

’Tis oft upon a smiling face
We read the greatest danger,
And oft deceit we plainly trace
On sweetest smiling stranger.

AN ECHO SONG.

"Where Are the Friends That Are Gone?"

Oh, where are the friends that have gone on before—
Those hearts that once throbbed with pure love?
Oh, where are those faces and voices of yore?
Are they in bright homes up above?

Chorus—Where, oh, where are they now?
Those forms and those faces;
Gone from their old places;
Where, oh, where are they now?

Echo !

Out here in the soul-realm, where you will soon be;
Out here in this bright beauty-land,
Where no harm can e'er come and the spirit is free—
Not far from your own little band.

Chorus—Here, oh, here are we now.
Our forms and our faces
And here in new places.
Here, oh, here are we now.

And hast thou no home where there's rest and repose?
Where darkness is not, and no night
Shall e'er draw around thee the curtain of woes
To screen from the world thy life's light?

Chorus—Where, oh, where art thou now?
We see the dim traces
Of forms and of faces—
Where, oh, where art thou now?

Echo !

In our homes; in our homes; we are not far away!
We hear your sweet voices in song,
And are waiting and watching by night and by day,
And know you will soon join our throng.

Chorus—List! oh, list to us now.
List to our voices!—
Echoing voices!—
List! oh, list to us now!

OLD BLACK JOE IN SORROW.

Hold heah, now, mah dear ol' honey, whut make yo' han' so col'?

I guess you's gittin' feeble like, along wid gittin' ol'.

You's been a deah companion an' I hates to hab you go,
But I know de Lawd will take you up to hebbin, an' I know

De angels all will welcome dat ar blessed soul ob yourn,
While yo' pa'dner, bowed in sorrow, will be left to weep an' mourn.

You's stuck to me through thick an' thin, an' mos' de time through thin,

An' I doan believe yo' conscience hit has eber knowed a sin.

Ner I doan' believe a woman, wheddeh white, er brown, er black,

Could hab bin a better muddah to her chillun, fer a fac',
An' de nabors allers knowed you when dey wanted a good friend,

Fer dey knowed when you had plenty you was willin' fer to lend.

But yo' eyes hab lost der lustah, an' yo' bones am stickin' through,

An' dar's no mo' labor heah fer dem han's ob yourn to do;

But I specs yo's mighty tickled fer to lay yo' body down,
When hit's got so weak an' rattly from de toe-nails to de crown,

An' I know dat ol' St. Petah will jes' fling dat do' clar back
An' de angels will invite you to jes' take de seat you lak.

Den dey'll hang aroun' yo' sperit lak de bees aroun' de queen,

'Cause you's been de bestest muddah dat de angels eber seen;

An' de Savior will be waitin' wid de book ob jedgment dar,

An' he'll gib you all de credit dat you's earned before dat bar,

An' he'll seat you on de cushion whar yo' bones 'll not go through,

'Cause you's bin so good a muddah, an' companion kind
an' true.

Tell de angels Joe am comin' an' not very far behind,
Fer ol' age an' time togeddah am a pullin' down de blind,
An' I feel de shivers creepin' over my ol' body now,
An' de skin am pullin' tightah roun' dis po' ol' wrinkle'd
brow.

Tell 'em, Susan, won't you, honey? an' make haste to fix
our home,

Fer dis fo'hm am gittin' weaker, an' I haint got long to
roam.

THE MISER'S DOOM.

Oh, the mustard-seed old conscience that knows naught
but pinch and grind,

In the future world of progress will be left away behind.
While all others are advancing toward the life that they
should live,

This old fossil by King Justice will be rattled through a
sieve.

Aye, the being of this planet who so little having grown
That he cannot see a pleasure or a comfort not his own;
That with all his lucky dealings and accumulating gold
He has not a cent for helping the decrepit and the old.

He, the miser, who has hoarded up his millions from the
poor,

And is using all his powers other millions to procure,
Will but grovel long in darkness, near his hoarded treas-
ure here,

While he should be ever rising toward the higher, brighter
sphere.

Out in soul-land there are misers who no doubt would
like some light,

But the walls that they have builded keep their selfish
souls from sight,

And imprisoned there within them they must stay till
they aspire

To be noble, free, unselfish, then will Justice lift them
higher.

IN THE PRISON CELL.

(Respectfully dedicated to a brother in prison.)

Let me be a comfort to the poor and rich as well;
To the poor despondent convict in a dismal prison cell.
Let me give each one upliftment as I journey on my way;
Let me make a pleasant future by my kindnesses to-day.

There are many souls to comfort 'neath the heaven's
shining stars;
Many out in open freedom; some behind the prison bars.
Whether guilty, whether guiltless of a crime against the
law,
Let me lift each one in spirit up above each earthly flaw.

Let me make the burdens lighter with my song of higher
things;
Let me help him hear the rustle of his guardian angel's
wings;
Let me touch his very conscience; let me rest his soul a
spell;
Let me make for him a heaven even in the prison cell.

Let me ever call him "brother;" let me brush the clouds
away,
And convince him out beyond there will appear a brighter
day;
Let me shed his tears of sorrow; let me all his sadness
quell;
Let me sweetly break the silence of that gloomy prison
cell.

Let me give his lonely spirit all the cheer it can receive,
While 'tis bowed in mental anguish; let me with my
brother grieve;
Hopes all blasted; aspirations, aims, all vanished into air;
Let me reach him and give courage that his burdens he
may bear.

Let me reach all downcast brothers; let me help them to
the light;
Let me hold their drooping eyelids open to the true and
right;

Let me have no selfish motive in my act and word and thought;
Let me be my brother's brother, as my spirit says I ought.

LET'S LOVE HIM.

When we find a brother saddened by a cruel blow of fate,
Who has been too good to prosper and has lost a loving mate,

Let us put our arms around him in true sympathetic m,

And just hug him up close to us, and express our feelings warm.

Let us give him all the sweetness we can press into his soul;

Let us pour into his spirit from our overflowing bowl,
All the pure, refined life-essence we possess, to lift and cheer;

He's our noble-hearted brother and his spirit's very dear.

Let us buoy him up a little, just to hold him while on earth,

In position of upliftment and to know he yet has worth;
Let us love him as each other with the fullness of our hearts,

And be ready to "God-speed" him when for soul-land he departs.

If we love him in the spirit, then in actions let us be,
As we feel down deep within us, and express it full and free.

He has had some bitter sorrows and reverses, in the past,
But he has a soul within him and let's love it to the last.

Judge not, lest ye should also judged
By other's judgment be;
Look not to others for the good
Except as others see.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

My soul grows so hungry sometimes for a smile
A touch of true friendship; yes, once in awhile
I feel I am starving, and would welcome a hand
That bore the sweet promise of friendship's demand.

My heart grows so weary that nothing looks fair,
With no one to love me, and no one to care
For all my emotions, now sluggishly grown,
With no one to touch me and call me her own.

Mine eyes fill with moisture sometimes when alone.
And I feel a strange sadness that thrills to the bone,
For out in the somewhere around or above,
I feel the sweet presence of someone's pure love.

Perhaps I may find it ere crossing the line
Of the mortal, and reach its full sweetness divine;
But life is eternal, and though I must wait,
Somewhere she approaches—I sense her—my mate.

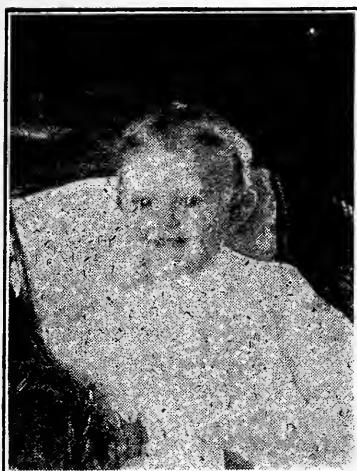
Though weary with waiting my soul can endure
With patient forbearance, the touch of the pure,
I know all this hunger and longing I feel
Is caused by another's like starving appeal.

Though she be now tethered to someone as wife,
Some day I shall meet her and join her for life.
Sometime in the silence, with love chords in tune,
Our souls interblended will sweetly commune.

True soul-love is voiceless, and words are so weak,
It seems the sweet silence is stronger to speak,
And spirit to spirit in sense-life can be
Divinely adjusted, when finally free.

I often catch glimpses, when half lost in dream,
Of someone advancing with eyes all agleam,
With soul expectation of joys unexpressed,
With hope's inspiration of peace and sweet rest.

MY PRETTY BLUE-EYED NIECE.



I have tasted disappointments,
and have wasted many tears
In the coming and the going of
my few allotted years;
I have worried and have hurried
to make others happy be,
And have felt the cold discomfort
that they handed back
to me,
But there's one I find responsive,
and I find such perfect
peace
When I look into the visage of
my pretty blue-eyed niece.

Katharine Meyers.

When I'm tired of the struggle and would lay me down to rest,
When my soul is sad and weary with this humar life at
best,
And I vainly hunt the silence o'er and o'er for something
sweet;
When I feel but cold suspicion and faint love from those
I meet,
I soon lose all sense of sadness and my spirit finds release,
When I look into the visage of my pretty blue-eyed niece.
I can see the sun grow brighter and the stars take brighter
hue;
I can feel my soul grow lighter, and my brain finds some-
thing new;
There's a something softly whispers, of a future full of
weal;
Of a soul of purest sweetness and of love, and then I feel
As if lifted to the highest of earth-pleasure and of peace,
When I look into the visage of my pretty blue-eyed niece.
And that all the world may see her and her pretty win-
some smile,

Which is not put on for winning, but is worn near all the while,
Here is reproduced a photo, and please give expression true:
Don't you think down in your spirit you could deeply love her too?
Do you wonder all my troubles are subdued by perfect peace
When I look into the visage of my pretty blue-eyed niece.
And as life is calmly flowing, and my soul is floating on,
There come visions of the changes, from the darkness unto dawn—
Back to darkness—alternating—something bitter, something sweet,
But I know this life is better, and that mine is more complete,
And I lose all sense of sadness in the light of perfect peace
When I look into the visage of my pretty blue-eyed niece.

DEATH'S QUERY.

Who am I that the world so long has feared my silent tread?
Who am I but the kindest friend of those on earth and they, the dead?
Who am I that for ages gone the world has fought to hold me back,
By incantations, force of mind, and potions of the science quack?
I oft am slow, but always sure; sometimes the leases I extend,
But come I must to everyone, the high, the low, but in the end
I only seek to free the soul, and let it go, and fly away
To realms beyond this little globe: Am I a friend or foe,
I pray?
I sometimes tarry by the way to touch some bully who
Seems not to think of life nor time, and would escape his due;

But facing me a change comes on that would make cowards laugh;
And such I love to face and touch with my old magic staff.

And oft when I a babe discern whose route is rough through life,

I pluck it from the parent stem and save it earthly strife,
And, too, when man by shrewdness gains in earthly wealth the goal,

I love to whisper in his ear the words that touch his soul.

Sometimes when I a human find whose life of toil and woe

Has been too dark, I think it right to let his spirit go

And search the spheres in other realms for comfort and for weal,

And things for which he fought and bled on earth with earnest zeal.

Oh, mortal man, with wisdom filled it seems so very strange

That you should fear my presence, when I only bring a change,

I hold no thought of cold revenge or hatred toward a thing,

I only come to all of life a peace, a rest to bring.

“There’s no flies on Jesus,” runs salvation’s song,
Then if Jesus sees us tempted all day long,
He will quite release us from the awful wrong
Of thinking, and to please us pass us with the throng.
They’re but a pest at very best,
And Jesus knows their song.

A conscientious slave is man
Who toils and knows not, when he can,
That someone else the harvest reaps
While he to conscience clings and sleeps.

If each would pursue the good and the true
The world that is blind would soon see
The man that is good would be if he could,
A man of perfection in re.

MY LITTLE BOY, LEO.



LEO.

From the golden past
come echoes of a
hope-inspired joy,
When a man, now in
his midday, was a
careless little boy;
When the dim and
misty future, held
within no conscious
place,
And the gladsome
smile of Nature
wafted o'er that
childish face.

Here's his picture,
quite expressive, very
sober for a lad,
Just the image of his
mother, with a tinc-
ture of his dad;
He had been down to
the brooklet, in the
mud and water, too,
With his clothing soiled
and ragged and his
knees a - p e e k i n g
through.

Just a common little urchin, that one often has to meet,
With the stuff there down within him to accomplish any
feat;

With the metal men are made of there unfolding day by
day,

In the puddle of the brooklet with the other lads at play.

Underneath those boyish features, underneath that rag-
ged suit,

Plainly pictured lie the budding of the present human
fruit.

See his finger through the hat-rim, unwashed face and
uncombed hair;
See that look of boyish mischief that foretells the do and
dare.

Aye! my mind goes back with pleasure o'er those dear old
days of yore,
And I see my wee boy, Leo, with his dirty face once more,
And all sorrow, pain and anguish I have passed are naught
to me;
In my dreaming I am living in the time that used to be.

He has grown to manhood's stature and beyond the bare-
foot boy,
But there lingers still in mem'ry those sweet days of
blessed joy,
And in spirit we are ever as a unit sailing on;
One upon the noon-day life-line, one within a new-life's
dawn.

'Tis the same familiar story, told and re-told o'er and
o'er:
Once a baby always baby in the parent's mem'ry store;
Though they grow mature and stately and away from
childhood's place,
Ever cling to parent vision pictures of the baby face.

MY GOD EVERYWHERE.

I sit in the depth of silence as the busy world goes by
And I lift my soul sublimely to elysian fields on high;
I see my God in the flower, in the brooklet and the trees;
I sense my God in the stillness, I feel Him in the breeze.

I hear my God in the wildwoods, in the songs of happy
birds,
In the sweet and peaceful twilight I hear His gentle words.
I feel His loving life-breath inflate my very soul,
I find Him in the pulsing of the great Eternal Whole.



OUR HYDESVILLE HOME.

In this lonely little cottage there occurred the greatest birth
 That has ever been recorded in the annals of the earth.
 There began the real knowledge of the spirit's future state,
 And a knowledge that our loved ones only linger at the gate;
 Yes, a knowledge that the doorway to the future is ajar,
 And we need not longer wonder where our friends and kindred are.

In this rustic little cottage where the Foxes had their home,
 Came the spirit of a peddler in his rounds of conscious roam,
 And he heard the children playing after they had gone to bed,
 Then he rapped upon the footboard, and he rapped upon the head;
 He persisted in his rapping till they heard, then all were still,
 Then the peddler went to rapping with an added strength of will.

When at last the door was opened and the children talked to him,
And the household, long in darkness as to death that looked so grim,
Like the budding flowers welcome both the sunshine and the rain,
They just welcomed that old peddler, and then bade him call again;
Well, he called, and rapped and chatted, and more wisely than he knew,
And the curtains of the future, through his chatting there withdrew.

In the dear old Hydesville cottage where the Fox girls lived when small,
Came the knowledge that the future is eternal life for all,
And all lovers of this knowledge who are true to truth and right,
Must ever feel the sacredness of cottage and of site.
We may differ in opinions of the small things in our code,
But the facts about the future are from seeds those children sowed.

Though the wind should blow the cottage to destruction,
it remains

In the minds of all as freshly, and its reverence attains
To a higher place as yearly, with our hearts brimful of glee,

We assemble to do homage to the birthplace of the three,
Who in innocence of childhood caught those messages of love

From the peddler who discovered he had only gone above.

Oh, the dear decaying cottage must succumb to age and time,

But in death 'twill grow more sacred and its mem'ry more sublime,

And we'll gather up the fragments that shall strew about the earth,

Of that blessed home where spirit of a mortal proved its birth,

And we'll place them where the children that shall follow in the race

Will observe their sacred presence and be filled with loving grace.

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